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VOL. 47—No. 21.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT and FASHIONABLE PROMENADE.** This Day (Saturday). Artists—Madame Volpi (first appearance), Madame Monbell (first appearance), Mlle. Karen-Holmes (first appearance); Signor Gardoni, Monsieur Napoleon Verger, Signor Bossi. Pianoforte—Mons. J. Wieniawski. Crystal Palace Choir, 300 voices, and Orchestra of 100 performers. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Programme includes overtures, "Siege of Corinth," and "Der Freischütz;" march and soldiers' chorus in "Faust;" scherzo from the "Reformation Symphony," Mendelssohn, &c.  
Admission by payment at the doors, 5s.; or by guinea season tickets. Single stalls half-a-crown each, at Palace.

**MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY and Mons. SAINTON** beg to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY, June 2nd. To commence at Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Mlle. Tietjens, Sinico, Scalchi, and Pauline Lucan, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Osborne Williams, Misses Poyntz, Elena Angèle, Doria, L'Evesque, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Signori Mongini, Corai, Baggiolo, and Mr. Santley. Messrs. Vernon Rigby, George Perren, Edward Murray, and Gusave Garcia. Violin—M. Sainton. Conductors—Signori Li Calci and Beviniani, Mr. Thouless, and Mr. Benedict. Sofa Seals, 21 1s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Orchestra and Area, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets are now ready and may be obtained of Mons. and Madame Sainton, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park; Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

MONDAY NEXT.

**M. PAQUE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT** at St. George's Hall, Monday NEXT 24th May. Commence at Half-past Two. Artists—Messames Edith Wynne, Evequist, Fanny Holteit, the Sisters Doria, Madame Patey-Whytock; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Wallenreiter, Liberti, Patey, Jules Lefort, Vieuxtemps, Paque, and W. G. Cousins. Conductors—Herr W. Ganz and Mr. Benedict. Tickets to be had at Mons. Paque's, 129, Great Portland Street, and at the office, St. George's Hall.

**MISS EDITH WYNNE'S FIRST GRAND CONCERT,** THURSDAY EVENING, June 3rd, Eight o'clock, St. James's Hall. Sofa Seals, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly; and of Miss Edith Wynne, 13, Bulstrode Street, W.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** begs to announce that her GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, on FRIDAY, June 4, 1869. To commence at Half-past Two. Vocalists—Mlle. Liebhart, Miss Banks, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Annie Vincilar, Miss Bessie Emmett, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. Pianoforte—Mrs. John Macfarren and Mr. Benedict. Violin—M. Sainton. Conductors—Mr. Benedict, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Erard's Pianofortes. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly; at St. George's Hall, Langham Place; at the Music Publishers; and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

**HERR LEHMEYER'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT** will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 16th of June, at the BARNHORN Rooms, at Eight o'clock, on which occasion he will be assisted by some of the principal artists of the season, and will also introduce several of his pupils to the public. For further particulars, and also for Engagements during the season, address, Herr LEHMEYER, 14, Store Street, Bedford Square.

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THE NEXT STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place on THURSDAY EVENING, May 27th, commencing at Eight o'clock.

The Half Session will commence on Monday next, the 24th inst., and terminate in July. Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on THURSDAYS, at Eleven o'clock.

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**MR. EDWARD MURRAY** (Baritone) will sing at Madame Sainton-Dolby and M. Sainton's Annual Grand Morning Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 2nd. All letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

**MISS BESSIE EMMETT** will sing Benedict's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. John Macfarren's concert, St. George's Hall, on June 4th; and also at Weybridge, June 9th.

**MISS BESSIE EMMETT** will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Miss Marian Buel's concert, June 4th, at the Beethoven Rooms.

**MISS BLANCHE COLE.**—This young Artist is engaged for the Opera Performances to be given at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. George Perren, and will make her first appearance on Monday, May 31, when she will sustain the role of "Amina," in Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*. Miss Blanche Cole will subsequently play all the *prima donna* parts during this series of representations.

**HERR REICHARDT** will sing his new and admired Song, "OF THEE I THINK" ("Ich denke dein"), at Madame Puzzi's Matinee Musicale, St. George's Hall, May 31.

**MR. WALTER REEVES** will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's popular serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," on the 29th inst., at Mr. Lansdowne Cottell's concert, Store Street Music Hall.

**Mlle. CLARA DORIA** will sing VINCENT WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY," and HENRY TILLYARD'S "COME, SING THOSE TENDER WORDS," at the Eyre Arms, Friday June 4th.

**MR. WILBYE COOPER** will sing his new song, "THINE AND MINE," at Miss Fostbroke's concert, May 24th, and Mr. Marshall Bell's concert, June 3rd.

**MISS EDITH WYNNE** will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new and popular Ballad, "THE SPRING," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Third Pianoforte Recital, June 9.

**MR. W. H. TILLA** (Pupil of Signor Sangiovanni) will sing "NULLA DA TE BELL' ANGELO," and "I SEEK FOR THEE IN EVERY FLOWER," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 27th.

**MR. CHARLES STANTON** will sing at Solihull, 26th and 27th May; Hampstead, 28th; Horns, Kennington, 31st; Bayswater, June 1st; Freemasons' Hall, 2nd; Kilburn, 4th; and Myddelton Hall, 18th, 19, Duke Street, Portland Place.

**MR. CHARLES STANTON** will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Solihull, May 26th; Hampstead, 28th; Horns, Kennington, 31st.

## ARRIVAL.

**SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA, and MADAME MAR-TORELLI GARCIA** beg to announce their arrival in Town for the Season. For Lessons and Concert—address—Care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 214, Regent Street, W., or to their residence, 19, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

**MR. CHARLES STANTON** (Tenor) is open to engagements for concerts, &c. Address—10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

**MISS EDITH KINGSLEY** (Contralto) is at liberty to receive Pupils and to accept engagements for Concerts, Dinners, &c. All letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, W.

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**HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG** has arrived in London for the Season, and purposes giving Lessons on the Pianoforte and in Singing. Address: 1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

**MADAME ROSE HERSEE** begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, &c.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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**MISS BESSIE EMMETT** (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNILLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

**MRS. HALE** (of the London Ballad Concerts), Pupil of Signor COSTA and Professor BENNETT, is open to Engagements as Vocalist or Pianist at Concerts, &c., during the ensuing Season. Address: 6, Manor View, Brixton Road, S.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** will play BRISSAO's brilliant "Valse de Bravoure" at her Grand Morning Concert, in St. James's Hall, on Friday, June 4th. Tickets and Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**MISS THEED** respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of her pupils.—5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

**MR. ALEXANDER ROWLAND**, Organist and Choirmaster of St. Luke's Church, Southampton, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera and Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts, London, late principal Double Bass of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, &c., will have VACANCIES, after July next, for TWO ARTICLED PUPILS, who can have the option of being educated either for the London Orchestral Practice—viz., Violin, Double Bass, Pianoforte, Harmony, &c.; or for a Provincial Practice—viz., Organ, Pianoforte, Singing, Harmony, and Composition.—For further particulars respecting premiums, reference, &c., address—Mr. Alexander Rowland, 13, Cranbury Place, Southampton.

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Aberdeen, 27th April, 1869.

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A LETTER FROM  
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY TO GOETHE.

(From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.")

A wish has been expressed in many quarters that the letters written, with youthful reverence to Goethe, by Mendelssohn, in his long travels through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France, during the period from 1830 to 1832, should find their way before the public. The following letter, written on the 28th August, 1831, at Lucerne, to Goethe, after Mendelssohn's return from Italy, will, therefore, as the first characteristic specimen of the youthful letters in question, which have as yet remained unknown, doubtless excite universal interest, though it can be given merely in a somewhat imperfect state. In the manuscript, as it fell, quite accidentally, into our hands, neither the name of the writer nor that of the person addressed, is given; and the same is true of the date. The object for which the letter was written, however, points pretty directly to Goethe. No wonder, consequently, that the name of Mendelssohn suggested itself, when a combination of names, so well-known to us from the *Reisebriefe*, as that of Engelberg, Sebastian Bach, and *Wilhelm Tell*, with the address: Lucerne, and the date, August, 1831, caught our attention. It is evident that the letter must have been written on some festival and holiday. Now the 28th was the only Sunday Mendelssohn spent in Lucerne. We may remark, moreover, that the 24th, which, from the letter of that day (*Reisebriefe*, I., 266), written at Engelberg, might be supposed to be Sunday, fell on a Wednesday, and that the service described in it was in honour of St. Bartholomew. On Thursday, the 25th, Mendelssohn went from Engelberg to Lucerne, saw there, on Friday, Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie* (Devrient, *Reminiscences*, p. 130), and, on the day following, wrote the letters to Devrient (*Ibid*, p. 122), and to Taubert (*Reisebriefe*, I., 267), in which there was consequently no mention of the performance of *Tell* at Lucerne. Mendelssohn must have witnessed it on the Sunday afterwards. The annexed letter was written on this Sunday, the conclusion being added after the performance. Mendelssohn's stay at Lucerne terminated on Monday, the 29th. It is probable that the present letter was the only one which Mendelssohn addressed to Goethe from Switzerland. The fact of Goethe's having had several copies made—but for which we should not have been able to lay the letter before our readers—proves that he attached a peculiar value to the descriptions it contains of the deluge-like rain, and of the performance of *Tell*. The parallel passages under the text are intended to direct attention to Mendelssohn's scrupulous exactness and truthfulness in the descriptions. The tone adopted towards Goethe is, it is true, a little more staid, but no less fresh than that of the *Reisebriefe*, though the exclusively subjective touches, which impart so much grace to the latter, are wanting.

Berlin, 6th February, 1869.

VON LOEPER.

Lucerne (the 28th), August, 1831.

As I am to send you an account of all the principal features of my journey,\* I must not neglect Switzerland, which was always the country of my predilection. I shall never forget the time I have spent wandering about the mountains on foot, all alone, without knowing anyone, and without thinking of anything, except the new and magnificent things I beheld every moment.

I came from the land of clear skies, and of warm climate; Switzerland soon announced itself very differently; I had rain, storm, and mist; I had even to submit to be snowed up frequently in the mountains.<sup>1</sup> I do not know how it was, however, but even that pleased me, and when, at times, a few black rocks reared their summits out of the clouds, or a whole tract of country rose up in the sunshine from out the mist, it was something magnificent.<sup>2</sup> I did not, therefore, allow any storms to prevent me from clambering about, as well as I could; sometimes the guide would not accompany me; I frequently saw nothing at all, but I made the attempt notwithstanding, and then, when a fine day did come, my delight was doubled.<sup>3</sup> It seems to me as though I felt more respect for Nature, and yet were nearer to her

here than elsewhere; but the country and the people are dependent entirely upon her.

You will have heard of the fearful inundations and tremendous downfalls of rain that have devastated the Bernese Oberland; I was there at the time, and it was terrible to see how everything due to man, even those objects which were most solid, disappeared without resistance and in a moment, leaving no trace behind, just as if it had never been; roads, bridges, meadows, and houses; at the expiration of three days, all nature was again quiet and smiling, as if nothing had occurred, and the people set about restoring their works which had been destroyed, as well as they could.

I happened just at that very time to be alone, without a guide, journeying along by the Lake of Thurn.<sup>4</sup> Now, ever since the day that you told me about your observations on the weather, and the clouds,<sup>5</sup> I have taken a particular interest in the subject, and remarked more than once before what is going on overhead; on the present occasion, I was enabled to see exactly how the storm gradually formed. For two days clouds had been collecting, when, at length, on the evening of the 7th, there was a heavy storm, which lasted, with continuous rain, all through the night; in the morning, it seemed, however, as if not rain, but clouds had come down. I had never seen clouds lying so low; they had settled, far and near, round the foot of the mountain, in the valley, quite white and thick, while the heavens above were full of black fog. For a time it did not rain, until the clouds underneath began moving, and shifting backwards and forwards; the rain then recommenced, lasting the whole day and the whole night, but it was not until the third morning, the 9th,<sup>6</sup> that the masses, properly so called, had collected, the entire extent of the horizon and of the heavens being filled by them. As you generally see a storm rise in a clear sky, so, on the present occasion, one host of clouds was piled on the other, and passed over the country from the flat land in the north-west into the mountains on the south-east. It was utterly impossible to distinguish the opposite shores of the Lake;<sup>7</sup> in the interval that one layer of clouds had passed, it did not rain, but it began then from the next, in a moment, and with indescribable fury. All the footpaths were now under water; the springs ran in all directions over the roads, and the mountain-streams foamed madly down; they were quite dark brown;<sup>8</sup> it seemed as if various kinds of dark earth were leaping over each other in the bed of the flood, and dashing into the Lake; you could see the dark streaks for a long distance in the clear waters of the latter. The smaller bridges were all carried away in the morning; the piers and arches of the larger stone ones were torn asunder; and a stream from the woods bore objects for household use and furniture into the Lake,<sup>9</sup> but it was not then known where the houses had been destroyed. The following day, when it left off raining, on my entering the valley of Lauterbrunn, the broad carriage-road had disappeared; a confused heap of stones, sand, and blocks of rock<sup>10</sup> covered for a quarter-of-a-mile the ground it once occupied. The same misfortune visited on that day nearly the whole country, the Gotthard, Unterwalden, Glarus, etc. It was sometimes difficult to go forward; and I had to walk over the mountains because the water had not left a dry spot in the valley, but it was, for this reason, all the more beautiful in the mountains.

I spent the last week in an Unterwald monastery, Engelberg,<sup>11</sup> many thousand feet above the sea, in a perfect solitude. I found there a fine organ, and some friendly monks. They had never heard of Sebastian Bach, and it struck them as something quite strange when I played them two or three of his fugues; they were pleased, moreover, to say that I must perform the duties of organist on the festival,<sup>12</sup> accompany the mass, and execute the responsories; it was the first respectable organ that I had had under my hands for some time, for in Italy I did not meet with one in anything like decent condition. The monks possess, also, a fine library; politics, strangers, and newspapers never penetrate into that part of the valley,

\* *Reisebriefe*, I., p. 238, et seq.

<sup>1</sup> Goethe's interest in meteorological observations is well known. See his works (in forty vols.), Vol. XL., p. 353, and Vol. XIV., p. 214.

<sup>2</sup> *Reisebriefe*, I., 234. Wimmis, the 8th. "For four hours, the storm has been coming down, as though the clouds were being squeezed," and, p. 237: "The rain-clouds are hanging to-day lower down in the valley than I ever saw them before."

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid*, p. 238.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid*, p. 239. "You could see absolutely nothing; not a mountain—rarely the outlines of the opposite shore."

<sup>5</sup> P. 239, at the bottom.

<sup>6</sup> P. 244. "Information has been received that the Kander has brought down a quantity of household utensils and furniture, no one yet knows whence."

<sup>7</sup> P. 247; the 13th August. "Where, six days ago, there was a most splendid highway, there is a wild and confused heap of rocks."

<sup>8</sup> P. 260. Engelberg, the 23rd August.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid*, p. 254.

<sup>10</sup> For instance, on the 4th.

<sup>11</sup> St. Bartholomew, the 24th, pp. 236 and 237.

<sup>12</sup> *Reisebriefe*, I., p. 13. "Then he" (Goethe) "said to me I must sometimes write to him."

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid*, p. 253. On the Fraulhorn, the 15th, and, p. 257, in the Hospital, the 19th August.



so I spent a pleasant time there. The weather, too, has cleared up, and, at present, especially, it seems as though nature wished to celebrate the day and rejoice. There is the brightest blue sky, the mountains have decked themselves out in the lightest colours, and the landscape has put on a joyous holiday look, as though they knew what festival it was.\*

I have just returned from the theatre, the only one in all Switzerland, where they performed Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*; as the Diet is holding its sittings here, the Swiss make an exception to their custom: rather to have no theatre at all than a bad one. As it is the only one in the country, allow me to say a few words about the patriotic performance. There are only about ten persons in the entire company, and the stage is as large and high as a moderate-sized room; still they were anxious to give the grand folk's scenes. So two men in peaked hats represented Gessler's host, and two others, in round hats, the Swiss country people; none of the subordinate personages made their appearance at all. Whatever they had to say of importance they omitted without ceremony, and quietly went on with the next words of their part, without any connection, a circumstance sometimes producing comic results. Some of the actors had learnt only the sense, which they turned, on the spur of the moment, into verse themselves; Gessler's crier tore the drum from his button-hole the first time he gave the instrument a blow, so that it fell to the ground and could not be made fast again, to the great delight of the liberty-loving public, who laughed heartily at the slave of the tyrant; yet with all this, the piece was not to be killed, and produced its effect. When the well-known names and places, which one had seen the day previous, came under their notice, all the audience were delighted, nudging each other, and pointing to the pasteboard lake, although they could see the real one, which was far better, by going out of the theatre. The person who afforded the greatest satisfaction, however, was Gessler, because he behaved very rudely, ranting and raving furiously; he looked like a drunken mechanic, with his tangled beard, red nose, and cap on one side; the whole affair was exceedingly Arcadian and primitive, like the infancy of the drama.

#### JUDAISM IN MUSIC.†

(Continued from page 344.)

We have no need to begin by demonstrating the Jewification of modern art; it is evident and strikes the senses at once. We should be led to far too great lengths, were we to attempt explaining this phenomenon from the character of the history of our art itself. If, however, the most necessary thing strikes us as being emancipation from the oppression of Judaism, we must consider it particularly important to test our resources for this conflict for deliverance. We shall not, however, obtain these resources from an abstract definition of the phenomenon itself, but by rendering ourselves intimately acquainted with the nature of the inherent involuntary feeling, which manifests itself to us as an instinctive antipathy for Jewish ways; from this feeling, this invincible feeling, if we avow it with perfect sincerity, what we hate in the Jewish character and ways must become clear to us; what we then know definitely we can oppose; nay, from its mere naked exposure, we may hope to beat the demon from the field, where he can maintain himself only by the defence of a hazy half darkness, a darkness that we good-natured humanitarians ourselves threw over him, in order to render his aspect less repulsive.

The Jew, who, as everyone knows, possesses a God all to himself, strikes us first, in common life, by his external appearance, which, no matter to what European nationality we belong, is marked by something disagreeably foreign to that nationality; we involuntarily desire to have nothing to do with a being of such an appearance. Formerly this could not fail to be considered a misfortune for the Jew; in more recent times, we perceive, however, that he feels quite at his ease under it; after his successes, his difference from us must strike him as a distinction. Passing over the moral side of the effect of this, in itself, disagreeable freak of Nature, we will here merely mention, with reference to art, that such an exterior can never be conceived by us as an object of representative art; when creative art desires to represent Jews, it generally takes its models from the imagination, wisely ennobling, or completely omitting exactly everything that characterizes the appearance of the Jew in common life. But never does the Jew lose his way on to the stage; the exceptions are, with respect to their

number and rarity, such as merely support the general assumption. We cannot fancy any ancient or modern character, be it that of a hero or of a lover, represented on the stage by a Jew, without our involuntarily feeling the unfitness, amounting to absurdity, of such a performance.\* This is an exceedingly important fact; a man whose appearance we consider renders him incapable of artistic representation, not in this or that character merely, but, by his very nature, altogether, cannot be deemed capable of artistically manifesting himself in any way.

Incomparably more important, nay, decisively important, however, is the contemplation of the effect which the Jew produces upon us by his speech; and this, indeed, is the essential point whence to commence our investigation of the Jewish influence upon music.—The Jew speaks the language of the nation with whom he lives, but he speaks it always like a foreigner. As it does not form part of our plan to occupy ourselves with the reasons of this phenomenon either, we may, also, refrain from inditing Christian civilization, which kept the Jew in his forced state of isolation, just as, on the other hand, by touching upon the results of that isolation, it is not in any way our intention to accuse the Jews. But, on the contrary, it is incumbent on us to throw a light upon the æsthetic character of these facts. In the first place, generally, the fact that the Jew speaks modern European languages only as acquired and not as inborn languages, must deprive him of all capability of expressing himself in them, according to his own nature, originally and independently. A language, with its expression and its development, is not the work of single individuals, but of a historical community; only he who has unconsciously grown up in this community takes any part in what it creates. The Jew, however, has stood outside every such community, alone with his Jehovah; he belonged to a race dispersed, and without a country of its own; a race to which all development from within itself was necessarily denied, while even its own language (Hebrew) has been preserved for the Jew of to-day only as a dead language. To be a true poet in a foreign tongue has hitherto been impossible, even for the greatest geniuses. Our entire European civilization and art have, however, remained for the Jew a foreign language; the unhappy, homeless being has taken part neither in the formation of the latter, nor in the development of the former, but, cold, and even inspired with a hostile spirit, has at most simply looked on. In such a language, and in such an art, the Jew can only speak as he hears others speak; he can merely imitate, not be a poet, truly speaking himself, or produce works of art.

What, however, is particularly repulsive to us is the purely material mode of speaking peculiar to the Jews. Civilization has not succeeded in conquering, by an intercourse of two thousand years with European nations, the singular obstinacy of the Jewish disposition with regard to the peculiarities of Semitic pronunciation. What first strikes our ear as particularly strange and disagreeable is the hissing, screeching, buzzing, grunting character of the Jewish way of speaking; a manner, entirely foreign to our national language, of employing, and an arbitrary system of twisting about, the words and the construction of phrases, imparts, moreover, to it the character of an insupportably confused gabble, on hearing which our attention is involuntarily directed more to the repulsive *How* than to the *What* contained in it. How exceptionally important this circumstance is to explain, more especially, the impression produced on us by the musical works of modern Jews, must, above all things, be recognized and remembered. If we hear a Jew speak, we are unconsciously offended by the absence of all purely human expression in his speech; the cold indifference of his peculiar

\* On this head, a great deal may, it is true, be said, after what has been recently done by Jewish actors, a fact to which I here allude only in a cursory manner. The Jew has not only succeeded at present in taking possession of the dramatic stage, but even in tricking the poet out of his dramatic creations; a celebrated Jewish "character-actor" no longer represents the personages of Shakespeare, Schiller, &c., as written by the poets, but substitutes for them the creatures of his own conception, which are effective, and not without a certain purpose. This system produces much about the effect which would be produced if we were to cut from out a picture of the Crucifixion the portrait of our Saviour, and stick a demagogical Jew in its place. The falsification of our art on the stage has become a perfect deception, on which account, also, Shakspeare and such like are mentioned only conditionally with reference to their adaptability for performance.

\* Goethe's last birthday.

† *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipzig: J. J. Weber, 1869.

lingo never, on any occasion, rises to the excitement of really heart-felt passion. If, however, when speaking to a Jew, we find ourselves impelled to give more than ordinarily animated expression to what we say, he will always avoid us, because he is incapable of replying. The Jew never grows excited in the mutual interchange of sentiments with us, but, as far as we are concerned, solely and exclusively in the especial interest of his vanity or of his pocket, a fact which, combined with the disfiguring effect of his way of speaking generally, imparts to his excitement a character of ridiculousness, and produces on us anything save sympathy for the interest of the person thus speaking. Though, of course, we consider it probable that, among themselves, when treating of matters in which they are mutually concerned, and especially, in their families, when purely human emotion overflows in them, even Jews are capable of giving utterance to their feelings, this cannot be taken into account here, where we have to consider the Jew as, in the intercourse of life and the relations of art, he speaks to us.

But if the peculiarity, as described above, of his way of talking renders the Jew pretty well incapable of manifesting his feelings and views artistically by speech, his capability for such a manifestation through the instrumentality of song is necessarily far less. Song is nothing more than spoken language excited by the strongest degree of passion; music is the language of passion. Now, if the Jew elevates his mode of talking, in which he can communicate his thoughts to us only with irritability, producing a ludicrous effect, but never with sympathetically moving passion, he becomes, the instant he does so, simply unbearable. Everything which, in his external appearance, and his language had a repulsive effect on us, in his singing absolutely drives us away, directly we are no longer attracted by the utter ludicrousness of such an exhibition. In song, as the most animated and irrefutably most truthful expression of the whole system of personal feelings, the peculiarity, so repulsive to us, of Jewish nature, reaches its culminating point, and, in conformity with a natural assumption, we should suppose the Jew capable of artistic tendencies in every other domain of art, rather than in that based upon song.

The gift of material perception possessed by the Jews has never been able to produce from among them adepts in the plastic arts; their eye has always been busied with far more practical things than beauty and the intellectual purport of the world of form. No one ever heard, in our time, as far as I am aware, of a Jewish architect or sculptor; whether modern painters of Jewish descent have really created anything in their art is a fact which I must leave professional judges to decide; it is very probable, however, that the position occupied by such artists with regard to plastic art is not different from that of modern Jewish composers with regard to music, and we shall now proceed to consider more nearly this said position.

(To be continued.)

### Tunes for Music.

#### SING TO ME, LOVE.

Sing to me, love, O sing and soothe  
The fever of my brain!  
The world is cold, and womankind,  
Save you, is false and vain!  
O, tired and sick of heart, I turn  
From all to home and thee—  
And care not for their chilling frowns  
If you but sing to me.

Sing me a touching, tender song—  
As you alone can sing;  
Something that old time memories  
To my sad soul will bring;  
Let it be, darling, slow and sweet,  
Let it be soft and low;  
Sing something, say like "Tommy Dodd,"  
Or else like "Not for Joe!"

### COX AND BOX.

We welcome the publication (by Messrs. Boosey and Co.) of Mr. A. S. Sullivan's music to *Cox and Box*; doing so in common with all who have "assisted" lately at Mr. German Reed's pleasant little Regent Street Gallery. This music is by no means of the sort usually fitted to comic operettas—that is to say loosely written and extravagant commonplace. On the contrary, it bears marks of careful workmanship, has nothing commonplace about it, and is brimful of genuine humour. If "he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," surely he who writes funny music should himself be funny; and, since Mr. Sullivan does the latter extremely well, we reach the conclusion that he and Mr. Frank Burnand associated themselves on the principle of natural selection. Anyhow their coming together has produced one of those sources of healthy amusement not too common in our serious age.

We need not relate the story of the piece even as altered by Mr. Burnand, it being by this time tolerably familiar. Besides, in any case, the music would have a prior claim upon our attention. To the latter, therefore, we turn at once. As usual, the overture is made up of themes which play a prominent part in the body of the work, the war song of Sergeant Bouncer "Ratapan," and Box's pathetic apostrophe to his frying bacon, being chief as by right. The war song just named immediately follows, and at once puts us upon good terms with the composer through its unforced vivacity and the skill with which it is written. Moreover it is happily in keeping with the character who has to sing it. Running over the music set to

"We sounded the trumpet, we beat the drum,  
Somehow the enemy didn't come;  
So I gave up my horse in her Majesty's force,  
As there wasn't a foeman to meet with the yeoman."

it is impossible not to detect in Sergeant Bouncer a sense of humour, of which, indeed, there are after proofs enough. The duet between Cox and Bouncer, relative to the disappearance of certain provisions is irresistibly funny. Cox's pompous exordium, based on divers ascertained facts in arithmetic; Bouncer's futile attempt to create a diversion by means of his "Ratapan"; Cox's piling up of charges against the Sergeant with a climax upon "wood!" and the dominant of D minor; Bouncer's affecting repudiation, and, lastly, his standing upon his military character and emitting a torrent of "Ratapans" which fairly sweep poor Cox away—all this belongs to the highest order of comic writing. In strong contrast with the foregoing is Box's bacon song, a plaintive soothing ditty addressed to the frizzling rasher. The notion is exceedingly droll in itself, and its humour is increased by the very beauty of Mr. Sullivan's music. There are Lullabies many addressed to babies (so many that one would fancy every composer haunted by infantine squalling), but very few can equal this addressed to bacon. Melody and accompaniment are alike so charming that Mr. Sullivan may confidently expect a deputation of doting mothers anxious for its being fitted to highest domestic purposes. Cox's patter song when elated by the unexpected gift of a holiday runs on with appropriate facility, and its unvarying figure of accompaniment is a device at once thoughtful and happy. The duet for Cox and Box when their mutual occupancy is discovered, opens with comic gravity, but soon waxes warm, and works up in a capital *crescendo* of passion to the entrance of Bouncer. The hero's appearance with his invariable "Ratapan" acts as a charm, and, sinking differences, Cox and Box join in the military chorus with ardour. A very pretty trio then follows, full of character, and not less of melody; such an one, in fact, as might justify any suspension of hostilities. Even had Box and Cox used the fireirons, they would have "flung the blood-stained brands in thunder down" to take their respective parts. We have next Cox and Box's duet serenade, "The Buttercup," another example of mingled sentiment and fun. The tender melody of the one voice in combination with the irreverent "Fiddle-iddle-um" of the other is a very broad effect indeed, not at all narrowed by strumming on the ribs of a gridiron for a guitar, and working the springs of an opera hat for a concertina. Box's "Romance" follows, and in this *scena*, burlesque though it be, Mr. Sullivan has evinced the possession of strong dramatic power. Passing the animated recital of Box's quarrel with the widow, we find most to commend in the description of that hero's mock suicide. All the music of this incident is exceedingly clever. The solemnity of the "dulcet dirge," the *parlante* which recounts the view from the fatal cliff, rising by semitones as it does so to the accompaniment of mysterious chords; the impassioned farewell to earth, and after the frantic "Away" (on upper A, supported by a diminished seventh on D sharp), the easy transition to the words, "In the opposite way I walked," belong to a very high order of dramatic ability. The "Gambling Duet," with its desperate quarrel, and Bouncer's successfully interpolated "Ratapan," is a parallel to that previously noticed, both as regards unflagging vivacity and facile tune, qualities equally conspicuous in the number which worthily closes this most admirable example of genuine comic music. Let us hope that Mr. Sullivan will produce other works of the same character and merit. That he can if he so pleases we know.

THADDEUS EGG.

ANTWERP.—The Musical Society brought the season to a close with a concert, when "Der Sturm," Haydn; the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin*, Wagner; and the *Lobgesang*, Mendelssohn, were performed.

### Shaber Silber across "Robert le Diable."

*Robert le Diable* is celebrated for the number of casualties connected with its performance. There is something, perhaps, in the name and subject which brings bad luck as well as good—for, as a rule, operas and theatrical pieces in which diabolical agency is employed are sure to be successful. At all events, when the opera was first brought out no less than three of the principal characters—Alice, who represents the good principle; Bertram, who is the evil principle incarnate; and Robert himself, who is something between the two—had but a narrow escape of very serious injuries. As Alice made her entry in the third act, a board bearing a dozen of lighted lamps fell with a crash on the stage, just at Mdlle. Dorus's feet. Soon afterwards, in the same act, a very solid cloud was just falling on the recumbent figure of the Abbess, when Mdlle. Taglioni saw what was coming, and, with an agility which was never more serviceable to her than then, rose from her tomb and escaped before the dangerous mass had actually descended. An incident still more ominous in appearance, though nothing very dreadful resulted from it, happened in the last act, at the very conclusion of the opera. At the close of the trio, Bertram has to disappear through a trap, and no sooner had he done so than Robert, to the horror of the public, who had somehow managed to arrive at a comprehension of the story, followed him. No preparations had been made for the hero's reception below, and for a minute or so it was the general impression that he had really come to a bad end. But Nourrit, his representative, appeared on the stage to show that he was still alive, and the audience then probably thought that they had only been witnessing, without quite understanding, one more of those pantomime tricks in which this magnificent work abounds. The scene of the resuscitated nuns, as now represented at the Royal Italian Opera, is, by the way, quite worthy of *Boxing Night*. Many of the nuns come up from beneath the stage by means of traps (they should be seen rising from their tombs—not emerging unpicturesquely as if from a bottomless pit); and when the dancing is coming to an end a number of imps of the last-scene-of-*Don Giovanni* pattern make their appearance with torches in their hands and demean themselves most absurdly. The high estimation in which Meyerbeer's great romantic opera is held in England was shown the other night by the fact that a considerable portion of the audience remained until the end of the performance, which lasted till an exceedingly late hour. The third act was not over until half-past eleven, generally closing time at the Royal Italian Opera; and though the fourth act is much shorter than the third, the entire opera, if represented in its complete form, which it never is in England, would occupy five hours—say from half-past eight until half-past one in the morning. Innumerable cuts, however, are made, and sometimes with so little ingenuity that (as was said of one of a certain statesman's despatches after he had secretly mutilated it) "you can see the scar." The proper plan would be to commence at seven o'clock and play the opera from beginning to end as Meyerbeer thought fit to write it. Late diners would, of necessity, miss the first act, but they might contrive to be in time for the second; and they would still have the advantage of hearing the greatest part of the opera in its original and not easily improvable form. But this suggestion is so simple, so rational, that there is not the least chance of its being adopted.

Everyone knows how the high-spirited Robert defends Alice from her persecutors, by way of showing the good side of his character, and immediately afterwards, that the bad side may not remain concealed, takes the hint of his friend, Bertram, and ruins himself at dice to the air of the spirited "Sicilienne." Bertram, nevertheless, is not a very subtle demon.

The scenery and decorations at Covent Garden would have contented—would, at least, not have discontented—Meyerbeer himself. According to Dr. Véron, who, in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, has given a number of interesting details respecting the first production of *Robert* at the Académie, the scenery of the third act was so magnificent that Meyerbeer felt positively hurt, and said to the Doctor: "You don't think very highly of my music or you would not pay so much attention to the scenery"—an excess of zeal which the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have

taken care to avoid. To complete the story, it has been added that in regard to one of the other acts, finding the decorations rather poor, the composer put the proposition quite differently, saying that if the scenery was not good he supposed the manager thought it was all the music merited. *Robert le Diable* demands not only execution of the first order for the musical and dramatic parts of the work, but also excellent dancing, magnificent scenery, brilliant costumes, and every accessory with which an opera can be furnished, including some very elaborate mechanical devices. Other works of incomparably less merit have been played much oftener, for as regards *Robert* the difficulty is to play it at all. Probably it has never been represented quite in accordance with the composer's intentions, except at the Académie of Paris, and not often even there after the dispersion of the original cast—with Nourrit in the part of Robert, Levasseur as Bertram, Mdlle. Dorus as Alice, Mdlle. Damoreau as the Princess Isabelle, and Mdlle. Taglioni as the Abbess. But it is a masterpiece on which complete execution is not thrown away, and if it is seldom played to perfection except at the Académie, it must be remembered that at that theatre alone it has been now performed upwards of five hundred times (the five hundredth representation took place at the beginning of 1867).

Shaber Silber.

### ROYAL HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.

The audience, who, on Saturday evening, crowded the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, on the occasion of the first promenade concert, represented the body of music lovers, who are catholic in their taste, but can be satisfied with a concert unadorned by the graces of the comic singer. The programme was composite, but everything was good of its kind, and there was a hearty appreciation—indiscriminate, but in the main, just—of merit. Those who applauded a dance tune or a ballad, were at least as ready to manifest pleasure with the "Clock Movement" of Haydn; their gratification being analogous to the rapture of John Leech's tenant farmer at the squire's table, who, sipping dry curaçao for the first time, expressed a desire to "tak zoom o' thot in a moog." The band, led by Mr. Hargitt, and including many performers of high reputation, played several overtures, Mendelssohn's march, "Cornelius," and the accompaniment to the same composer's *Capriccio Brillante*, which pianoforte solo introduced Mdlle. Constance Skiwa, who afterwards gave a *Valse de Concert* with much delicacy. Mdlle. Skiwa always plays like a genuine artist, and her execution of the *Capriccio* was admirable in all respects. These performances, as we have intimated, were relished as much as, for example, a new waltz, the "Sylvia," written by Mr. Fred. Godfrey, and played for the first time by that popular master of the cornet-à-piston, Mr. Reynolds.

The vocal pieces were even more cordially welcomed than the instrumental. Mr. Vernon Rigby, who sang "Come into the garden, Maud," with all requisite tenderness, was recalled; and, on substituting the well-worn solo from *Rigoletto*, ran some danger of being solicited for something else. His spirited rendering of Wallace's "Yes, let me like a Soldier fall," was likewise demanded a second time; and Mr. Rigby repeated the last verse. Mdlle. Liebhart's admirers seemed the entire body of the public in all parts of the house; and this lady being encored in "Little Bird, so sweetly singing," gave "Home, sweet Home." Madame Emmeline Cole made up the complement of solo singers; and the St. Cecilia Choral Society were heard to good effect in glees and part-songs. Engagements which will ensure variety have been made with artists of note, and the entire scheme is one that deserves success.

WARSAW.—M. Moniuszko has completed a new opera, entitled *The Pariah*.

WARMBRUNN.—Herr Jean Vogl's oratorio, *Die Auferweckung des Lazarus*, was given, a short time since, under the direction of Herr Ebert, and produced a very favourable impression.

BIELFELD.—The third Ravensberg Musical Festival was announced to take place on the 16th and 17th inst., under the direction of Herr Hahn, the principal singers being Mesdames Hahn and Dannemann, Dr. Gunz and Herr Bletzacher. The work selected for the first day is Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The programme for the second day comprises: Overture to *Der Freischütz*, Weber; fifth Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat major, Beethoven; air from *The Creation*, Haydn; "O Isis und Osiris," Mozart; two Songs, Mozart and Beethoven; Songs, Schumann and Schubert; "Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald," Mendelssohn; and C minor Symphony, Beethoven.



## ROSSINI.

(Concluded from page 343.)

The most interesting and, also, most difficult part of Mr. Edwards's task lay in the third and last act of his hero's life. We say most interesting, because he had to show Rossini, not only arrived at the summit of fame, but at a height of artistic greatness to which very few have attained; and we say most difficult, because our author had to explain, as best he could, why this great genius was suddenly stricken with barrenness in his prime. No one acquainted with Rossini's life even in outline will approach this part of Mr. Edwards's work without a quickened interest.

Before entering upon that "French career" which was the crowning glory of his life, Rossini paid a visit to London, invited and engaged by Mr. Ebers, of the King's Theatre. Though the master's operas were much carped at by Lord Mount Edgcumbe and the old fogies of that time, and though certain English composers saw deficiencies which only their own skill could make good, Rossini was in great vogue with the public, and his reception lacked nothing in the way of enthusiasm. Mr. Edwards tells a good story of the composer's audience with the "first gentleman in Europe," who seems to have been extrajudicial on the occasion. "Rossini used to say that Alexander I. of Russia and George IV. of England were the two most amiable crowned heads he had ever met; and he assured Ferdinand Hiller that of the charm of George IV.'s personal appearance and demeanour it was scarcely possible to form an idea." This interview was an auspicious beginning of Rossini's English experiences. Owing to the King's patronage, concerts were organized at Almack's on his behalf, for which all the principal singers in London offered Rossini their services, and would not hear of remuneration." We are told that the receipts were enormous; the receiver was, however, displeased by an arrangement characteristic of the then "persons of quality." The highly exclusive committee refused him some tickets for artists who had offered gratuitous assistance. Probably Rossini had never before met with Western Hindoos and their laws of caste. During his stay in London the master brought out his *Zelmira*, and wrote one act of another opera, as well as a cantata, *Homage to Byron*. Moreover he made 7,000*l.*—the beginning of his fortune.

From London Rossini went to Paris, "and," says Mr. Edwards, "owing, no doubt, to his horror of sea-water, never paid us the compliment of calling again." Our author devotes a good deal of space to some valuable remarks upon the reception given Rossini by the French. He is clearly of opinion that the Italian composer "was not so ill-treated as is generally supposed," and establishes his position by testimony not to be gainsaid. As a matter of course, the small men were scarcely pleased at the advent of such a giant, but the representative French musicians of the day—Boieldieu, Hérold, and Auber—were among his ardent admirers. When Auber met Rossini for the first time, and heard him sing to his own accompaniment "Largo al factotum," the French master went home inclined to throw all his scores into the fire. "It will warm them, perhaps," he said to himself; "besides, what is the use of composing music if one cannot compose like Rossini?" Soon after Rossini had established himself in Paris he succeeded Paer as director of the Italian Theatre, at an annual salary of 20,000*fr.* If in this position he did not comprehend all details in his supervision, there can be no question that he attended well to important matters. The best singers of the day were promptly engaged. Hérold was appointed *maestro al piano*, and Meyerbeer's *Crociato*, with Rossini's own *Otello*, *La Donna del Lago*, and *Il Viaggio a Reims* (specially written) were produced in succession. Moreover, the new director re-engaged Malibran, introduced to the French public Sontag, Pisanoni, Galli, Lablache, Tamburini, and last, not least, discovered Giulia Grisi. "In fact," says Mr. Edwards, "he raised the Théâtre Italien of Paris to the position of the first Italian Opera in Europe." Having done all this in eighteen months, and the term of his engagement expiring, Rossini lay down his directorate to become a nominal "inspector of singing" at the old salary of 20,000*fr.*; really a pension. It was then the master began to write those works for the French stage which are his most enduring monument. Our author's remarks upon the change in Rossini's style are marked by his customary clearness and acuteness. For these, however, we must refer to the book itself, passing on to note the appearance of *Le Siège de Corinthe* (1826), a work based on *Maometto Secondo*, from which, as Mr. Edwards points out, Rossini took only a comparatively small portion of the music. Such airs as he appropriated were made more dramatic, while the overture, and nearly all the great concerted numbers were specially written for the French stage. An interesting thing connected with *Le Siège* is that it was the first opera Rossini sold to a music publisher. "His thirty-four Italian works," observes our author, "had been left absolutely at the disposition of every publisher or manager who chose with them, to engrave or represent with, or without additions, in no matter what form; the one thing clear and certain in the matter being that no profit from the sale or representation of his works could by any possibility reach the composer." What Rossini lost by this state of things Mr. Edwards shows us by instancing the *Barber*, which, "if the French system of securing to writers and composers for the stage a certain fixed proportion of the receipts, had been adopted throughout Europe, would have given Rossini at least 100,000*l.*" As it was, the work never brought him a farthing more than 80*l.*

*Moïse* followed *Le Siège*, and, as everybody knows, is an adaptation, with large additions, of the Italian opera so named, this being followed in turn by *Le Comte Ory*, a second version of *Il Viaggio a Reims*, and the first opera

which has a brief instrumental introduction in lieu of a regular overture. The story of *Guillaume Tell* has a chapter to itself upon which we shall not trench any more than we did upon that devoted to *Il Barbieri*. We may say, however, that it is deeply interesting, as, indeed, any adequate record of so great a masterpiece must necessarily be.

In a chapter headed "Rossini after *William Tell*," Mr. Edwards deals with the master's cessation from work, first of all enumerating the explanations which have been given at various times; as, for example, the cold reception of his greatest opera, care for his own reputation, annoyance at the success of Meyerbeer, and, lastly, laziness. The jealousy of Meyerbeer our author soon settles, but the question of laziness is evidently a puzzle. When Rossini did work, he was prodigiously active, and, bearing this in mind, Mr. Edwards seems at first inclined to believe he left off simply because he had made a competence. But suddenly remembering what Heine said of a composer so happily situated as not to be obliged to write—"a windmill might as well say it is not obliged to turn"—he discards the notion and seeks another, vainly, because Rossini "does not seem to have quite known why he was silent himself." In proof of this statement several interesting extracts from Ferdinand Hiller's "Conversations with Rossini" are given, all tending to show that the master had no very definite ideas at any time as to the future. We are disposed to believe that there is very little mysterious in Rossini's silence. He had a competence, had done a good life's work in thirty-seven years, lived in the midst of a brilliant circle, was fond of those "sweets of life" sung about in a certain good old English glee, and, probably, without acting upon any fixed principle, went on enjoying himself till he got confirmed into do-nothing habits. If this be not the true explanation, it seems to us the most philosophical.

In his remarks upon the *Stabat*, Mr. Edwards defends that work from the charge of being undevotional, fortifying himself by the recorded opinion of Heine, who pronounced it of a "more truly Christian character than the *Paulus* of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy." We have no sympathy with any criticism of the *Stabat* made from what Mr. Edwards happily calls a "parochial point of view" (and we have no respect at all for Heine's comparison), but we can hardly agree with our author in his estimate of it as religious music. The matter, however, is more one of personal feeling than of judgment by a fixed standard—which, by the by, does not exist. Our own personal feeling prompts us, with every admiration for Rossini's work in the abstract, to regard it as music more suited to the concert-room than the church. About the *Messe Solennelle* Mr. Edwards has necessarily little to say beyond an opinion that "it bids fair to eclipse the fame of his earlier religious work." The closing sentence of the book is the following:—"Incomparably the greatest Italian composer of the century and the greatest of all Italian composers for the stage, he (Rossini) will be known until some very great change takes place in our artistic civilization by at least three great works in three very different styles—*Il Barbieri*, a comic opera of the year 1816, *Guillaume Tell*, a serious opera of the year 1829, and the *Stabat Mater*, a religious poem of the year 1841."

We cannot take leave of Mr. Edwards's *Life of Rossini* without saying that the musical public are indebted to him for a timely volume, which may be read with equal pleasure and profit.

THADDEUS EGG.

## THE "SOLEMN MASS" IN AMERICA.

Rossini's last work was performed in New York on the 29th ult., and the event is thus noticed by *Watson's Art Journal*, of the 1st inst:—

"The present week has been signalized by a really important musical event—nothing less than the production of Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, the last composition of the great maestro.

"Mr. Max Strakosch holds the right of performance in this country, holding, we believe, the only full score in America. Could we have procured a large church for its performance, he would have secured an unequivocal success, for the effect of the music would have been doubled, as compared with its effect in the Academy of Music. But, we presume, that he did the best he could, though the *Messe* certainly suffered from the location in which it was given.

"We do not propose to speak critically either of the work, or the performance this week. Indeed, the articles which we have reproduced from the French and English papers, have so thoroughly analyzed the composition, that there is but little left to be said. Its beauties, musically considered, are so dominant, that they cannot fail to charm the duldest ear, and to quicken the slowest intelligence. Its character, in a religious point of view, may be open to discussion, but we are inclined to think on the whole, that it will stand even that test.

"The artists entrusted with the solo parts, were Miss Louisa Kellogg, Madame Testa, Signor Boetti, and Signor Antonucci. The orchestra was large and efficient, but the chorus was insufficient in numbers, and not too well rehearsed. The two performances on Thursday and Friday evenings attracted large and fashionable audiences.

"It will be performed for the third time, to-morrow evening, Sunday, at Steinway Hall, where, we think, it will be heard to better advantage."

BADEN.—Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was to be executed on the 20th and 22nd inst., by Mesdames Krauss, Alboni, MM. Palmeri and Steller.

## GIUSEPPE VERDI.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC VERDIST.

(Concluded from page 342.)

One evening in the January of 1841, when the snow was falling in thick flakes, just as he was coming out from the De Christofares Arcade, he stumbled upon Merelli, who, taking him by the arm and leading him in the direction of the Scala, spoke of the perplexity in which he found himself through the refusal of the composer, Nicolai, who had engaged to write an opera for him, to accept a libretto written by Solera, and entitled *Nabucco*. "But," said Verdi, "I can relieve you from the difficulty. Don't you recollect having given me a libretto of Rossi's, called *Il Proseritto*? Give that to Nicolai instead of the *Nabucco*." Merelli thanked Verdi for the offer, and begged him to accompany him as far as the theatre, just to see whether the manuscript of the *Proseritto* had not been left there. The libretto was hunted up, and Merelli at the same time shoved into one of the pockets of Verdi's huge greatcoat the manuscript of *Nabucco*, saying to him, "just give a look at it." On getting home late, and striking a light, Verdi glanced carelessly at the sheets, and his eye fell on the chorus, in the third act, of the Jews in slavery. Instantly he felt the force of the scriptural "By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept." He threw away the manuscript and got into bed, but could not sleep all night, turning over and over again in his mind that chorus. Next morning he read through the whole drama, and rising with his mind far above the verses and the libretto, he, a passionate student of the Bible, discerned all that there was of sublime in the conception. Nevertheless, he brought back the manuscript to Merelli on the same day. He really did not know how to return to the effort of a musical composition, or rather he sulked with music just as a lover tries to remain in the sulks with the lady of his love. "Well, what do you think of it?" was Merelli's question. "Admirably adapted for music," he replied; "it is a glorious subject." "Well, carry it off and make what you can of it." Verdi hesitated and would not decide, but the honest manager started up again, stuffed the manuscript into Verdi's pocket, clapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and with a good-humoured violence led him to the door and closed it after him. The young maestro returned home with his drama, but he threw it into a corner without looking at it, and after five months were spent in the reading of those abominable romances. But one fine morning towards the close of May this blessed libretto again turned up by mere chance. He read through the last scene, the death of Abigail—a scene afterwards struck out; he sat down almost mechanically to the piano, that piano which had remained mute so long, and dashed off the music of that scene. The ice was broken. Just as the man who, coming forth from a dark and stifling prison, breathes once more the fresh country air, Verdi found himself again in his own favourite atmosphere. Within three months *Nabucco* was composed, completed, and finished, just as we now have it. Merelli willingly accepted the new opera, but evinced little desire to have it brought out next winter; he had already three operas on his hands. But Verdi insisted most keenly on the *Nabucco* being brought out that very season, and on this point great battles were fought. However, he carried his point. It has been said that he did so through the influence of certain authoritative personages who greatly favoured him. There is not a word of truth in that. He carried his point by the strength of his will, and by throwing into the matter his whole heart. *Nabucco* was brought out at the Scala on the evening of the 8th March, 1842. They who have not lived in Italy before 1848 are incapable of forming any idea of what the theatre was in those days. It was the sole field left open for the expression of public life, and all participated in its utterances. The success of a new opera was an event stirring to its inmost depths the fortunate city which had produced it, and the echo of the shout of triumph resounded throughout all Italy. The success of *Nabucco* occasioned such an outburst of enthusiasm as had never before been witnessed. During that night Milan could not sleep. Next day the new masterpiece was the theme of every conversation. Verdi's name was on every lip; even fashion, even *la cuisine* seized upon the name, and you heard of nothing but Verdi hats and Verdi shawls, and Verdi stews and sauces. From all the cities of Italy the managers hastened to beg the new composer to write something for them, and made to him the most liberal offers. But Merelli had been before them all. The day after *Nabucco* was brought out he went to Verdi, and handed to him a document. It was a contract for a new opera, signed by the manager, but the sum to be received by the composer left blank, and this blank the manager begged the composer to fill up himself. More than ever Verdi would have wished in those days to have been left alone. Unspeakable is the delight experienced by the artist in his first triumph. Later, a greater familiarity with the public, a knowledge of the feebleness of human power when compared with the infinite heights of art, and other and kindred causes, induce the artist to receive applause with a melancholy smile, and sometimes even with an ironical disdain. But the first applause is that which relieves him from all harassing anxieties and doubts, which reveals to him his own powers, which gives him the assurance that he has not been mistaken in the estimate of his own worth—that he has not missed his way, that he has done well to persevere. That applause rescues the youth at once from obscurity, sets him face to face with the world, and opens up before him an unbounded field of action. Verdi would have wished to remain alone in order to taste with the austere satisfaction of a strong mind the delights of that first applause, and to call up again in his memory the beloved ones whom he had lost, and to meditate on his benefactor, his father-in-law, his second father, his Barezzi—whom he associated with all his joys, and all his sorrows,

and all his thoughts. But there was little chance of his being left alone. He found himself suddenly besieged by a swarm of friends who were panting to tell him how much they had always loved him, how greatly they had always been interested in his behalf, and with what anxiety they had been keeping watch over the first steps of his musical career. They had all known his merits; they had all protected him; they had all encouraged him; they had all done something for him; they had all divined his genius; they had all prophesied his brilliant success; and now they were all eager to walk with him, and demonstratively shake hands with him; and Verdi thanked them, and courteously acknowledged their kindness, and scanned every lineament of these new friends with a rapid glance of his large piercing eyes; and across his own strongly marked features there played a certain smile, which from that day has never ceased from time to time suggestively to curl his lip.

## THE BOSTON MAMMOTH FESTIVAL.

The *New York Musical Gazette* prints a long letter from its Boston correspondent, giving some interesting particulars of the forthcoming gigantic Festival. We abridge as follows:—

"The great national Peace Jubilee promises to fully meet the utmost anticipations of its sanguine projector, Mr. P. S. Gilmore. Its character will be such as to reflect the highest credit upon Boston, and the city will be crowded for the time as it never was before. The greatest activity prevails in all departments of preparation. Work was begun upon the mammoth building in March, and astonishing progress has been made. The structure rapidly rose, and for weeks has been the greatest lion of the city in the eyes of curiosity hunters from the country, while the Bostonians themselves have looked upon the growing wonder with equal interest and astonishment. The Coliseum is situated upon an unimproved square known as St. James's Park, about half a mile below the Common, and about a mile from Tremont House. The structure is to cost 80,000 dollars, and is to be fully completed by June 10, five days previous to the time for opening the Festival. The building is to be 500 feet long and 300 feet wide, and in its construction 1,700,000 feet of lumber will be required. It will cover between three and four acres, and the promenade gallery extending around the inside will be upwards of a quarter of a mile in extent. Fifteen tons of nails and between four and five tons of other iron work, such as bolts, braces, &c., will be required, and to cover the roof, so as to make it waterproof, thirty tons of tarred paper will be used. The apex of the roof is eighty-six feet from the top of the sill. At the height of fifty feet there will be 1,300 feet of continuous windows five feet high, all made to run on rollers for ventilation, consisting of 6,500 feet of glass. In the upright of the building there are to be 1,368 lights of glass. Ingress and egress will be had by twelve doorways, twenty-four feet wide. The organization of the chorus and orchestra has been pushed forward in the most energetic manner. A chorus of 20,000 children and an orchestra of 1,000 performers will take part on the first day, and the oratorio chorus, made up from different parts of the country, together with the great orchestra, will participate on the other days. As a matter of course, the choral force will be made up in the greater part of New Englanders, but the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, will also be well represented. No society has as yet been reported from New York city, but Boston and its immediate vicinity will furnish at least 6,000. The Messrs. Hook are to place in the Coliseum a mammoth organ, built from designs by Dr. John H. Willcox, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The railroad fares will be at half price in all directions. The prices of admission are:—Reserved seats, 5 dollars, and 3 dollars, according to location; general admission without reserve tickets, 2 dollars. To sum up, everything connected with the Jubilee promises most gloriously, and there is every indication that the affair will be an immense success."

A Boston correspondent of the *Continental Gazette* gives the programme as follows:—

"The First Day, June 15.—The Festival is to be inaugurated at noon by prayer and the delivery of addresses, welcoming all distinguished guests to Boston and Massachusetts, a congratulatory national address, and a great chorus of 20,000 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 1,000 musicians."

"Second Day.—Grand classical programme of symphony and oratorio. The programme opening with Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony,' overtures, popular and familiar music, Verdi's 'Anvil Chorus' (the anvil part to be performed by 100 members of the fire department)."

"The Jubilee will close on the evening of the 17th by a grand festive entertainment. For this occasion the seats will be removed from the *parquet* of the Coliseum, giving an opportunity for friendly greetings, &c."

MILAN.—*Rigoletto* has been performed at the Cinielli, about as wretchedly as an opera could be performed. In the second act, the tenor on being violently hissed, suddenly stopped, and said to the audience: "I can tell you that I sang very well at the rehearsals." The ballet, entitled *La Figlia del Corsaro*, was much more successful than the opera.—The committee appointed to select the composers who are to take part with Signor Verdi in the *Messa da Requiem* in honour of Rossini, have chosen Signori Bazzini, Boucheron, Buzzola, Cagnoni, Coccia, Gaspari, Mabellini, Nini, Pedrotti, Petrella, Piatania, and Ricci. Signor Mercadente was compelled, by ill health, to decline being included among the number

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

## MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HER

## SECOND AND THIRD PIANOFORTE RECITALS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, and THURSDAY, JUNE 17,

TO COMMENCE EACH DAY AT THREE O'CLOCK.

## Programme of the Second Recital (June 3rd).

## PART I.

SONATA, in B flat major, No. 1, Op. 46 (first time in public)	.. Dusek.
SONG	.. Schubert.
STUDIES	.. J. B. Cramer.
1. In G major	.. Steibelt.
2. In C major	.. F. Riez.
3. In C minor	.. W. S. Bennett.
4. In G minor	.. Haydn.
CANZONET	.. Eberlin.
1. In D minor (with Prelude) (first time in public)	.. Scarlatti.
2. In G minor (Cat's Fugue)	.. Handel.
3. In B flat major	.. J. S. Bach.
4. In F major (with Prelude) (first time)	.. J. S. Bach.

## PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in D major, Op. 106	.. Hummel.
SONG	.. Sullivan.
ROMANCE, "The Rivalry"	.. Mendelssohn.
BARCAROLE, in A major	.. Mendelssohn.
PRESTO CONTINUO (Seven Characteristic Pieces)	.. Spohr.
SONG	.. Henselt.
ROMANCE, in B flat	.. Chopin.
IMPROMPTU, in B flat	.. Chopin.

VOCALIST .. Miss ANNIE EDMONDS.  
ACCOMPANIST .. MR. BENEDICT.

Reserved Stalls for a Single Recital	.. 5 0
Subscription Tickets (Stalls) for the Three Recitals	.. 10 6
Balcony	.. 3 0
Area	.. 1 0

To be obtained of Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, at her residence, 26, Upper Wimpole Street; CHAPPEL &amp; Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Mr. AUSTIN, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has the honour to announce that his NINTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

Friday, May 28, Friday, June 4, Friday, June 11, Friday, June 18, Friday, June 25.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The success which attended the performance last season of the whole of Beethoven's miscellaneous compositions for pianoforte alone, together with the whole of the published compositions for the same instrument by Schubert, the majority of which were until then entirely unknown to the general public, encourages Mr. Halle in the belief that a repetition of the same will meet with general acceptance, and that increased familiarity with these works will enhance the appreciation of their manifold beauties.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the various pieces will, as usual, form part of the programmes.

## Programme of the Fourth Recital (May 28th).

## PART I.

VARIATIONS and FINALE ALLA FUGA, in E flat, Op. 35	.. Beethoven.
"Bussied"	.. Beethoven.
IMPROMPTU, in F minor, Op. 142, No. 1	.. Schubert.
MOMENTS MUSICAUX, Op. 94, Nos. 4, 5, and 6,	.. Schubert.

## PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in D major, Op. 147	.. Schubert.
LEDER { (a) "Der Lindenbaum" }	.. Schubert.
(b) "Die Forelle" }	.. Schubert.
BAGATELLES, Op. 119, Nos. 11, 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 4	.. Beethoven.
POLONAISE, in C major, Op. 89	.. Beethoven.

VOCALIST .. MRS. ANNA REGAN.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.  
Tickets may be obtained at CHAPPEL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; OLLIVIER & Co.'s, Old Bond Street; and at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.  
Extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY-FIVE GUINEAS.  
Manuscript by Jean Senguerin, dit le Petit Senguerin. A perfect copy of this  
Manuscript et de La Belle Gamine, fille de Rembrandt, Empereur de Constantinople, par Jean Senguerin, dit le Petit Senguerin.

## DEATHS.

On the 10th inst., at Cannstatt (Wurtemberg), Herr BERNHARD MOLQUE, aged 67.

On the 11th inst., at Church Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, JOHN FREDERICK FEENY, Esq., aged 61.

On the 14th inst., at 7, St. Mark's Crescent, Notting Hill, WILLIAM BALL, Esq., in his 85th year. The writer of many popular songs.

## NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedience may suggest.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

Owing to the great pressure upon our space this week, we are compelled to leave over notices of the Claribel Concert on Tuesday, the New Philharmonic Concert on Wednesday, and other interesting matter.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

J. WILLIAMS.—"Sweet twilight hour," song, by W. Layland.  
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Eldorado," song, by E. A. Sydenham.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

## THE "MESSE SOLENNELLE."

ROSSINI'S Mass has been heard in London, and popular as well as professional opinion has given a verdict upon it. The former, it strikes us, will be more unanimous than the latter. Already certain critics have looked upon it from the "parochial point of view," and have discovered that there is "scarcely a phrase in the whole work likely to arouse a feeling of reverence or religion." They graciously allow it is music, "but not sacred music." So their predecessors opened on the *Stabat*, yet the *Stabat* lives, as the accepted representative of one phase of religious life, and excites more reverence than all the manneristic church anthems of the English school put together. Thus it will be with the "Solemn Mass," and we do not care to defend it. Musical Philistines and their allies of all creeds and customs may, therefore, delight themselves by assailing the work, as silly children may be safely left to fling at the moon without danger to that luminary. The public will love it and will hear it.

As regards the performance of Wednesday, we cannot do better than reproduce the impartial notice which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the following day. Our contemporary says:—

"The last work of Rossini was performed in St. James's Hall yesterday afternoon. It has been heard in Paris ten times, in the chief cities of Italy and Belgium once or more, and at least twice in New York. London waited patiently and made no outcry because its turn came late. On an occasion so interesting, places should have been at a premium, and the hall crowded with eager listeners. As a matter of



fact, the tickets went off slowly, there were empty seats, and a large proportion of the audience came late. Not even the name of Rossini can give English amateurs a zeal for what is new.

"The right of performance belonging to Mr. Gye, an efficient band and chorus from the Royal Italian Opera were at command. The same establishment also supplied the principal singers, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Scalchi, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley, as well as the conductor, Signor Arditi. One resultant advantage is obvious. Accustomed to work together, the entire force was well under control, and could do what had to be done with confidence. There was, however, one little difficulty in the preparations. The diapason of the St. James's Hall organ is 'normal,' while that of the orchestra is not. Under these circumstances, an attempt was made at levelling up, by raising a portion of the instrument to ordinary pitch. The results frequently provoked regret that so important a matter had not received due attention. Of the general performance we can speak highly, notwithstanding occasional drawbacks. Its looked for excellence was soon and strikingly apparent in the unaccompanied double canon, "Christe eleison," which brought out the splendid voices of the chorus with fine effect. The strong contrast between this movement and its surroundings has been the theme of unfavourable comment, but the performance showed Rossini wiser than his critics. We need only say about the trio, "Gratias agimus," that it was well sung by Mdlle. Scalchi, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley. The "Domine Deus" was hardly so satisfactory. Signor Mongini gave it with his accustomed power of voice, but the song was made to end in a foreign key, by the passage of modulation leading to the "Qui tollis" actually leading to nothing save an interval of rest. We can only describe the effect of this as singular rather than pleasing. The just named duet (capitally sung by Madame Tietjens and Scalchi), with its ceaseless harp accompaniment and expressive themes, fairly roused the audience from lethargy, and excited a lively interest about what was going on. This was to the advantage of Mr. Santley's long, and in places somewhat dull air, "Quoniam tu solus," which, though sung as Mr. Santley always sings, would, earlier, have made little effect. Here, again, Rossini's use of the brass was conspicuous for excellent judgment. The fugue, "Cum Sancto Spiritu," followed, and at its close the audience were enthusiastic, not only demanding an encore, but applauding the second time almost as much as the first. This was due to the long and splendid episodes rather than to the fugue proper, which is comparatively of small account. The former appertain to choral writing of the highest class, simplicity and freedom being united to grandeur and breadth in a degree not unworthy of Handel himself. In this instance, as in so many others on the Continent, the famous long *diminuendo* made a genuine sensation. A little unsteadiness apart, the movement was well executed. The "O Salutaris" (a solo interpolated since Rossini's death to propitiate Madame Alboni) was sung by Mdlle. Scalchi between the "Gloria" and "Credo," for the obvious purpose of avoiding consecutive contralto airs. The lady's rich voice and good delivery did it every justice, and obtained warm recognition. In the "Credo" a great effect was caused by Mdlle. Tietjens' "Crucifixus," an air deeply impressive, more because than in spite of its simplicity. Thence to the fugue, "Et vitam" nothing calls for special notice. We did not expect the fugue to be satisfactorily given, owing to its difficulty, and what chance existed of a good rendering was taken away by the very decided *allegro* adopted. The interesting and masterly Offertoire met with scant justice. The "Sanctus" was encored. Nevertheless, Rossini's careful directions were not heeded as they should have been either by quartet or chorus. The *pianissimo* of the one and *sotto voce* of the other, for example, were anything but what they pretended. Happily the movement is so beautiful that far worse could not spoil it. Mdlle. Scalchi sang well in the "Agnus Dei" and the exquisite choral episodes were all that could be wished, but the effect was an anti-climax, and the performance ended without demonstration of any kind. Signor Arditi's conducting was zealously careful, as usual, and to it not a little of the success attained must be credited."

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD's first Pianoforte Recital took place on Thursday as announced. A more brilliant success has never been obtained by our distinguished English pianist, who played music from a variety of sources—music undeservedly forgotten or very little known. Rarely has a performance of the kind been graced by the presence of so many distinguished persons, amateur and professional. A detailed account must be postponed till our next.

THE Berlin papers state that there is a possibility of Mdlle. Lucca being unable to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. Her voice, if they may be credited, is still affected, and she proposes to try what rest and the Baths will do for it.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday night the opera was *La Sonnambula*, and the representative of Amina was Madame Adelina Patti. That a brilliant and crowded audience assembled to greet this well-deserving favourite of the public will readily be understood, and as readily that Amina's tripping on the stage, to thank her companions for their felicitations on her approaching happiness, was the signal for a burst of recognition as unanimous as it was hearty and sincere. Eight years ago within a day or two (May 14, 1861) a young girl, a child in outward appearance, came forward precisely in the same situation of the same opera, and was received almost in silence. Nobody had heard of "Miss Adelina Patti" except those in the habit of reading Transatlantic records of operatic doings; and from such a mere stripling nobody seemed inclined to look for anything remarkable. The introductory recitative, "Care compagne," however, sufficed to melt the apathy of the audience; and the expressive cavatina, "Come per me sereno," fairly roused them to enthusiasm. How the opera ended, and what a genuine success was achieved few who were present can have forgotten. The 14th of May, 1861, is as noteworthy a date in the annals of the Royal Italian Opera as the 4th of May, 1847—when the "Swedish Nightingale" came out—in those of Her Majesty's Theatre. Not that Adelina Patti on the night of her *début*, was within many degrees as perfect a singer as Jenny Lind; but it must be borne in mind that the one appeared among us as a girl of 17 summers, the other as a woman of some five-and-twenty. Add to this that in Adelina Patti, although so young, there was already a promise of dramatic power of which the most admirable singer of her day never at any period in her brief career on the stage gave indication. How that promise has been fulfilled we need not say. As we see her now, Madame Patti is one of the most accomplished actresses that ever trod the lyric boards—as accomplished in the delineation of serious as of comic characters, and only prevented by her physical conformation from essaying the highest walks of lyric tragedy. Could she but add an inch or so to her stature there is no reason why she should not present us with a Norma, Semiramide, and Lucrezia, just as admirable as her Amina, Adina, Rosina, Norina (and how many more!).

Madame Patti's performance on Saturday night was of a kind that disarms criticism. As a whole, since Malibran introduced Bellini's exquisite pastoral, his surest claim to immortality as a dramatic composer, on the English stage and in the English language—more years ago than we care to remember—there has been, in our opinion, no Amina comparable to hers, not one so natural, touching, sympathetic, and full of soul, not one in which the musical and histrionic requirements of the character are so happily blended. Our readers need not be under any apprehension that we are about to inflict upon them a detailed description of what has been described so often. We shall be content to add to the general notion we have endeavoured to convey of Madame Patti's performance that all the most prominent features, dramatic and vocal, were more than ever conspicuous for excellence; that "Come per me sereno" was never sung with more grace and fluency; that the parting duet with Elvino (Elvino being represented by Signor Mongini, who sang more uniformly well than on any previous occasion we can call to mind) was full of life and tenderness—a genuine expression of confiding love; that the bedroom scene, in which the innocent sleep-walker has to plead so desperately, and all without avail, to her jealous and infuriated Elvino, was a display of overpowering grief not to be surpassed; and that the scene of the mill, with its last exhibition of somnambulism, to open the eyes and convince the heart of the till now obdurately incredulous lover, was as picturesque in its histrionic embodiment and as perfect an exemplification of vocal art as we have known it—the half-breathed, half-uttered, address to the fading flowers, "Ah non credea mirarti," being if possible more than ever pathetic, and the joyous "Ah non giunge," with its dazzling embellishments, more than ever brilliant and effective. The whole performance exhibited the genius of Madame Patti in the happiest light, and may justly be recorded as a legitimate triumph. After each successive act she was unanimously called before the footlights and applauded with the utmost enthusiasm. Her associates, besides Signor Mongini, who seems to be well acquainted with almost every part in the accepted operatic repertory, were Mdlle. Locatelli (Lisa), Mdlle. Corsi (Teresa), Signor Camaroni (Alessio), and Signor Bagagiolo (Count Rudolph). Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, since our last notice of the proceedings at this theatre, has appeared as Lady Enrichetta, in *Martha*, and as Violetta in the *Traviata*. Each of these impersonations is too familiar to our opera-going readers to stand in any need of minute description. Of all the Marthas we have known the Martha of the accomplished and gifted Swede is the most elegant and lady-like; and of all the Violettas since Madame Bosio the Violetta of Mdlle. Nilsson is the one we find most difficulty in believing could, under any conditions, have fallen into evil ways. Both her Martha and Violetta, nevertheless, are charm-

ing in their kind, and stamped, moreover, with a certain distinction that only a superior nature could impart. Martha can hardly be called a dramatic character, but it is essentially a singing character; and to give the soprano part of the spinning-wheel quartet ("Mentre il pié la ruota gira") more brilliantly, or "Qui sola, vergin rosa," the Italian version of that beautiful Irish ballad which makes all the rest of M. Flotow's opera sound melodiously indifferent in comparison, with more touching and exquisite expression than Mdlle. Nilsson would be impossible. Verdi's unhappy heroine, on the other hand, is, as we all know, both a singing and a dramatic character, and it is upon her representation of this that we have chiefly to congratulate Mdlle. Nilsson. It was in the *Traviata* that she first appeared before a London audience (June 8, 1867), and then while exceeding beauty of voice and the presence of something young, fresh, gracefully endowed and marked by an individuality separate from the common, were speedily acknowledged, as well as a command of vocalization, already declaring the consummate mistress, Mdlle. Nilsson, as an actress, was found somewhat cold and restrained—everything, it is true, that was *comme il faut* from a certain point of view, but no more. The difference now is great. The delivery of the second verse of the drinking song, "Libiamo, libiamo né lieti calici," the other night, at once struck all hearers by its spirit and *entrain*. The duet in which Alfredo declares his passion, and the following soliloquy, "E strano! è strano!" where the errant lady expresses her equal surprise and delight on finding herself the object of a pure and disinterested affection, strengthened the impression; while the plaintive air, "Ah fors'è lui che l'anima," with its gay and dashing sequel, "Sempre libera," in which Violetta, her momentary illusion dispelled, again vows to dedicate her life to unrestricted enjoyment, each in its particular way sung and acted to perfection, brought down the curtain amid general and unmistakable tokens of approval. From this scene to the end the singular advance which had been made by Mdlle. Nilsson in her dramatic portrayal of the character was more and more apparent. The duet in Act II., when Violetta is persuaded by the eloquence of that dulcet of "heavy stage fathers," Germont the Elder, to abandon her lover, was instinct with genuine feeling; and in the *finale*, the utter prostration of the wretched woman under the infliction of Alfredo's heartless and outrageous insult was depicted with real and heartfelt emotion. The last Act, over the unpleasant incidents of which we would willingly draw a veil, was as deservedly successful as the rest; and rarely has the soliloquy in which Violetta resigns all hope of further happiness been uttered in more pathetic accents. Of the duet, "Parigi o Cara," with the repentant Alfredo, whose repentance is about equal in moral value to his previous conduct, we need not speak. Enough that Mdlle. Nilsson—by this performance of a character which, notwithstanding all that it and the world in the midst of which it moves contains of repugnant, the public still delights to honour—has materially heightened her reputation as a lyric comedian. She, too, evidently looks seriously at her art, and is determined by earnest and assiduous work to approach as nearly as possible to the goal of perfection.

In *Martha* (conductor, Signor Arditì) the associates of Mdlle. Nilsson were Mdlle. Grossi, a contralto, whose voice, though rich in quality, is somewhat too heavy for the music of Nancy; Signor Mongini (Lionel), Mr. Santley (Plumkett), Signor Fallar (the sheriff), and Signor Tagliafico (Lord Tristan). The usual encores were awarded at the first representation to the quartet at the spinning-wheel, "Qui sola, vergin rosa" (Mdlle. Nilsson); "Chi mi dirà"—the apostrophe to the virtues of English beer (Mr. Santley); and "M'appari tutt'amore," the love-sick soliloquy of Lionello—by his very earnest and energetic delivery of which Signor Mongini created a marked sensation. In the *Traviata* (conductor, Signor Arditì), Mdlle. Nilsson's companions were that useful, versatile, and ever ready artist, Signor Naudin, who, while evidently suffering from indisposition, sang throughout, as the younger Germont, with the utmost care and correctness; and Signor Graziani (old Germont), who received the accustomed applause in the lachrymose air, "Di Provenza."

Another operatic incident has been the revival of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* (conductor, Signor Arditì), with Mdlle. Tietjens and Ilma di Murska, Signors Mongini, Foli, and Corsi, in the parts respectively of Alice, Isabella, Robert, Bertram, and Raimbaud; but as Mdlle. Tietjens had seemingly by no means recovered from her recent regretted indisposition, and as the performance generally was hardly up to the Covent Garden mark, we shall await a second representation of this earliest great work of Meyerbeer before speaking of it in detail. It would be unjust, however, to pass without a word of notice the extraordinary sensation created by Mdlle. Ilma di Murska in her very impassioned delivery of the celebrated air, "Roberto o tu che adore" ("Robert, toi que j'aime"), Isabella's pathetic appeal, when Roberto, possessed of the magic branch, strives to compel her to his wishes. This was dramatic singing of the highest order and fairly enraptured the audience, who overwhelmed Mdlle. di Murska with applause and even called her before the curtain at the end of the act.

We have yet to speak of *Don Giovanni* (Monday), and of *Don Pasquale*; with the new *buffo*, Signor Bottero (Thursday). But these must stand over till our next. On Tuesday and Friday *Lucia* was given. To-night the perennial *Barbiere*.

Messrs. Gye and Mapleson having now their four great *prima donnas*—Tietjens, Ilma di Murska, Christine Nilsson, and Adelina Patti—at command, the opera season may be said to have reached its point of culmination; and the public has a fair right to expect an uninterrupted succession of attractive performances, or otherwise to ask what they have gained by the coalition.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The Philharmonic Society seems to thrive in its new abode. Though many of its old supporters doubtless regret the comfortable old quarters in the Hanover Square Rooms, and the more select audience that for so many years used to assemble there in the spring and summer months, those who take into consideration the increasing desire to hear good music evinced by the public at large can hardly be otherwise than satisfied with this step towards the popularization of our old established orchestral concerts. Their removal to St. James's Hall admits of lowered prices, and not far from thrice the number of payers—each, in these times, a consideration of real importance. Meanwhile the character of the performances is unflinchingly maintained, and from all we can observe is likely to be maintained. As the Philharmonic Society won its laurels so will it continue with dignity to wear them.

Three concerts have been given since our last report—each full of interest and each well attended. At each, in obedience to a long-established custom, there were two symphonies, which some are of opinion is a symphony in excess, while others take the opposite view. At the third concert we had the movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, and Beethoven's No. 5 (in C minor); at the fourth the symphonies were Mr. Cipriani Potter's in D, and Beethoven's "Pastoral." Any remarks about the three best known of these would be superfluous. Of the least known, however, the symphony by Mr. Potter, we do not hesitate to say that no revival of an important musical composition for many years past has afforded more hearty and general satisfaction. No member of the musical profession—no amateur even—need be reminded of the healthy influence exercised by Mr. Potter as principal teacher in the Royal Academy of Music. Our foremost composers have profited by his counsel; and several of them—to name Sterndale Bennett and George Macfarren will suffice—were for years his pupils. But, independently of his great ability as an instructor, Mr. Potter (whose talent was acknowledged by no less a man than Beethoven) has been a most prolific composer, and among the most important of his many contributions to the art are nine orchestral symphonies, of which the one in D major, revived on the occasion under notice, is the fourth. To judge by this, and there are many who could point out other examples, the symphonies of Mr. Potter by no means deserve the *quasi*-oblivion into which they would appear to have fallen. The symphony in D is in its way a masterpiece. The school to which it belongs is clearly of the Haydn-Mozart period, though the earlier works of Beethoven had evidently made their impression on its composer. We feel tempted to speak of the work in detail; but just now this is out of the question. Enough that each movement is full of vigour and character, the themes being rhythmical, frank, and melodious, the treatment ingenious and clear—such treatment as only a consummate musician could invent and carry out—and the orchestration varied, brilliant, and effective. The performance, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins, was admirable from first to last; and at the conclusion Mr. Potter was unanimously called into the orchestra to receive such a greeting as, if the desire of producing still remains, might tempt him to add at least a "No. 10" to the nine symphonies that have already proceeded from his pen. There was something genuine about the whole occurrence. The symphony was good, the performance good, the reception of the work and the honour paid to the man were hearty and sincere. Besides the symphonies the overture to *König Manfred*, by Herr Reinecke was introduced at the third concert, and that to *Rosamunde* (*Alfonso and Estrella*), by Schubert at the fourth. About the latter, the introduction of which to England we owe to the Crystal Palace and to Mr. Grove, enough has been said. The former was doubly welcome both on account of its intrinsic merit and because it was the work of an eminent foreign musician, whose short stay among us has been one of the incidents of the present season. An attractive excerpt from *König Manfred* had already been presented at the Crystal Palace concert, in the shape of an orchestral interlude; and the spirited overture, capably played by the Philharmonic orchestra, under Mr. Cousins, and greatly applauded, made us still more anxious to become acquainted with the entire opera. Herr Reinecke is not merely a composer of high pretensions. He is also an able conductor, of which the fact that he holds the post once held by Meudelssohn as director of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, is sufficient proof. Moreover, that he is a pianist

of rare acquirements was convincingly shown at the last "classical" concert at the Crystal Palace by the performance of his own concerto in F sharp minor (with which the public had previously been made acquainted by Mr. Oscar Beringer, his pupil), and further established at the concert of which we are speaking by his brilliant execution of Mozart's so-called "Coronation-Concerto," in D, with two ingenious, elaborate, and extremely difficult *cadenzas*. The reception accorded to Herr Reinecke both as composer and pianist was of the warmest kind; and he was called back to the platform after his own overture and after Mozart's concert. The last two movements from Molique's violoncello concerto in D (Signor Piatti), Rode's violin concerto in B minor (Mr. Henry Holmes) and Mendelssohn's *Serenade and Allegro gioioso* for pianoforte (Mr. Charles Hallé), have yet to be named among the instrumental features at the third and fourth concerts. Each of these was of course accompanied by the orchestra; each was a performance of singular merit; and each was acknowledged as such by the audience in the heartiest manner. Signor Piatti and Mr. Hallé may afford to rest satisfied with this bare acknowledgment; but Mr. Henry Holmes, a young English violinist of distinguished talent, has had too few occasions of making that talent publicly known; and the legitimate success he achieved in Rode's concerto (not the best of that composer, by the way) is agreeable to record, as an onward step in the career of a highly deserving artist.

The concert on Monday night (fifth of the present series), was in some respects the most brilliant of all. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.			
Symphony, in G minor	...	...	Mozart.
Cavatina, "Ah se de' preghi miei" ( <i>Mirella</i> )	Signor Gardoni	...	Gounod.
Adagio and Rondo, from Concerto in E, for violin	(Madame Norman-Neruda)	...	Vieuxtemps.
Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa" ( <i>Il Barbiere di Siviglia</i> )	(Madame Monbelli)	...	Rossini.
Overture, "The Isles of Fingal"	...	...	Mendelssohn.
PART II.			
Symphony, No. 7, in A	...	...	Beethoven.
Caprice, in E (pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann)	...	...	W. S. Bennett.
Duo, "O basier de feu" ( <i>Philemon et Baucis</i> )	(Madame Monbelli and Signor Gardoni)	...	Gounod.
Overture, "Preciosa"	...	...	Weber.

All that it is necessary to record of the two symphonies—masterpieces with nothing in common but their originality and beauty, each as perfect a specimen of its composer as could be named—is that they were very admirably executed and that an attempt was made to extort a repetition of the minuet of the one and the *allegretto* of the other, in both instances very wisely resisted by Mr. Cusins, the conductor. Mendelssohn's magnificent overture (*Die Hebriden*, according to the original title) has never been better given at a Philharmonic Concert since Mendelssohn himself directed its performance—as probably no one ever directed an orchestral performance before, certainly not since. Weber's characteristic prelude to his gipsy opera was too good to play the audience out; but here, as at the Monday Popular Concerts, where "old Haydn" is so frequently the victim, something must be played last.

The feature of this concert, however, was the first appearance before an English audience of Madame Norman-Neruda, the lady-violinist whose marvellous performances have been the theme of enthusiastic eulogy on the Continent for some time past. Madame Neruda selected for the occasion of her *début* in London the *adagio* and *rondo* from a concerto in E, the composition of M. Vieuxtemps, greatest of Belgian violinists, and, indeed, as all the musical world is aware, one of the greatest violinists in Europe. These movements, original and effective in themselves, were favourably calculated to exhibit the astonishing powers of Madame Neruda, with whom no lady-violinist in our remembrance (not forgetting the sisters Milanollo) can compare. To describe in detail the qualifications of this artist would take up more space than we can afford. Enough that her tone is beautiful and pure, as rich and powerful on the fourth string as it is "silvery" and brilliant on the first; that her execution is in all respects remarkable, her intonation faultless, and her manner of phrasing broad, natural, and thoroughly satisfactory to the ear. Her command of mere mechanical difficulties, in the shape of double stopping, "shakes," "harmonics," "staccato," &c. (to employ technical terms for which we can find no substitutes), seems to be unlimited. Add to this, her use of the bow arm is so easy and graceful that we are compelled to waive the not quite unnatural objection to see such an instrument as the fiddle in the delicate hands of a lady. Madame Neruda possesses, moreover, a vigour which, while it has nothing obtrusive, is rather masculine than feminine. The first phrase of the *adagio* convinced her hearers that a genuine treat was in store, and drew down applause, repeated from time to time throughout the performance. The last movement, from first to last, was a display of brilliancy in its style almost unexampled. To conclude, Madame

Neruda's success was unequivocal, and she was twice enthusiastically called forward at the end of the concerto. That the new comer is destined to be one of the "stars" of the musical season appears to us unquestionable. It is long since a more honest success has been gained in a London concert-room. We have, however, another success to record at this concert, and that in its way not a bit less legitimate. Madame Monbelli is as new to the English public as Madame Neruda, and in her sphere quite as deserving recognition. She sang Rossini's inimitable "Una voce poco fa" in a style as original as it was delightful. Her voice is a genuine *mezzo soprano* of rich and mellow quality, and her execution is as fluent as her phrasing is natural and expressive. Madame Monbelli created a real sensation, and was called back with enthusiasm after the *cavatina*. The other singer was that universal favourite, Signor Gardoni, who made as much as could possibly be made out of the tenor air from M. Gounod's *Mirella*, a sort of pale reflex of "Salve Dimora," from *Faust*. Mdlle. Agnes Zimmermann's very spirited and admirable performance of Professor W. S. Bennett's *Caprice*, in E major, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment, was unanimously applauded. At the next concert M. Vieuxtemps is to play Mendelssohn's violin concerto.

#### MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

Mr. Charles Hallé has resumed his Friday "Pianoforte Recitals" at St. James's Hall. By those who care for genuine, healthy art a more agreeable and instructive way of passing an afternoon than in listening attentively to one of these performances could hardly be imagined. The programmes consist exclusively of good music, and with what careful accuracy and finish everything is executed no amateur of the pianoforte need be reminded, because no amateur of the pianoforte is likely to be unacquainted with Mr. Hallé's style of playing. The scheme of his "Recitals" this season is precisely what it was in 1868. The programmes are to be entirely devoted to Beethoven and Schubert. All that is published of Schubert's works for pianoforte alone, including the eleven sonatas, will be given, together with all the miscellaneous solo compositions of Beethoven for the same instrument—thus, as before, excluding the thirty-two sonatas, which, for the greater part, are much more familiar to the public. The selection at the opening "Recital" was varied and happy. Of Schubert it contained the sonata in A minor, known as "Op. 42," and called his "first," though really no more his first than his last; the second of the three "Impromptus," Op. 90 (in E flat); and the *Fantasia* in C, Op. 15. From Beethoven were chosen the *Andante* in F, intended originally for the grand sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein (Op. 53), but subsequently rejected for a shorter and far more appropriate introduction to the last movement; together with four of the *Bagatelles*, Op. 33, the first and best book of the three, though there are genuine beauties in all. At the second recital Mr. Hallé gave, from Schubert, the fiery sonata in D major, "Op. 53," belonging to the same set of three as the A minor, which, with its fellows, so greatly excited the enthusiasm of Robert Schumann; the smaller but still interesting sonata in A major—known, for the convenience of music publishers, as "Op. 120," but evidently an earlier work than the "Op. 53," or the "Op. 42," while greatly inferior to either; and two pieces from the posthumous relicts, which, though now published in England, where, of recent years, a much more lively interest seems to have been taken in Schubert than in the country of his birth, were, till the present moment wholly unknown. These last-named pieces, forming two out of a set of three, are so original and interesting that it appears strange that Mr. Hallé should not have included the other in his programme. From Beethoven, at the second recital, Mr. Hallé selected the little Rondo in C (No. 1, Op. 51); the magnificent "Thirty-two Variations upon an original air in C minor" (which Mendelssohn used to be so fond of playing); and the remaining three from the first book of *Bagatelles*, Op. 33, which a critic of the day (1804—*Wiener-Intelligenz-Blatt*) said "merited the title (*Bagatelles*) in the strictest signification of the term," but which, nevertheless, reveal a larger number of beauties than nineteen out of twenty compositions that have since been given to the world in more important forms and with more ambitious aim. About none of these, the two unknown pieces of Schubert excepted, is there anything new to say. Mr. Hallé has played them all before, and doubtless will play them again. Nor can he play them too often. The juxtaposition of Schubert and Beethoven at these "Recitals" is, under the circumstances, peculiarly interesting. Beethoven is called upon exclusively for his minor works, while Schubert contributes big and small; and yet Beethoven firmly holds his position as the stronger of the two—of "the man to the woman," as Schumann suggests, in one of his most charming essays.

Associated with Mr. Hallé is Mdlle. Anna Regan, a young singer who is fairly making her way, who, in a variety of pieces, ancient and modern (though none more modern than Schubert), has agreeably varied the programmes of the first two recitals, and whose services are retained for the entire series of eight.



## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE MISSES GOTTSCHALK's evening concert, which took place at Willis's Rooms, attracted a full and fashionable audience. Miss Clara Gottschalk played a brilliant pianoforte fantasia, "Flowers of Erin," which was loudly applauded. She also well merited a similar compliment for her rendering of a "Grand Waltz," composed by herself. Miss Blanche Gottschalk created a good effect in Franz Berger's song, "The Syren;" whilst Miss Gottschalk, in Benedict and De Beriot's duo from *Norma* (with Signor Regondi), played remarkably well, both artists being heard to the highest advantage. Signor Regondi gave two movements on the concertina, from his concerto in D, and never played more brilliantly. Miss Blanche Gottschalk and M. Jules Lefort, in Boildieu's duet, "Voitures Versées," sang charmingly. M. Jules Lefort sang a *Méditation Religieuse* with his usual taste, receiving the only encore of the night. Miss Katherine Poyntz, Madame O. Williams, Mr. A. Hemming (who sang Balfe's ballad, "She stood in the Sunshine"), and Signor Ciabatta, were the other vocalists. Mr. Franz Berger and Mr. Osborne Williams accompanied.

MISS CLINTON FYNES' second pianoforte recital took place on Wednesday, and was fully attended. The programme was very attractive. In addition to solos by Chopin, Hummel, and Jael, Miss Fynes gave (with Mr. Lazarus) a grand *Duo Concertante*, by Reissiger (Op. 30), for piano and clarinet, for the first time in this country. It was well played by both artists, and deserved the favour with which it was received. We have no doubt it will be often repeated, because of its intrinsic merit and charming character. The same artists also performed Weber's *Duo Concertante* (Op. 48), which we need hardly say was admirably given. Another novelty was the Danish composer Kuhlau's *Duo Concertante* for flute and pianoforte (Mr. A. Collard and Miss C. Fynes). Mr. Collard possesses a good tone, and the performance of this work created a favourable impression. Miss Fynes was assisted vocally by Miss Jenny Pratt, who sang Mr. Davenport Chatterton's pretty song, "My soul is dark," accompanied on the harp by Mr. J. Balser Chatterton; and Mr. W. H. Tilla, who sang Benedict's popular romance, "Nulla da te bel' angelo" very well indeed. Mr. W. H. Robinson and Mr. W. Thomas (son of Mr. Lewis Thomas) were accompanists.

The courteous manager of St. James's Hall, Mr. A. Austin, gave his annual concert on the 10th inst. It was a bumper for the giver, and not less a bumper for the audience, every seat being occupied, and an admirable selection being performed by first rate artists. We shall skim lightly through the programme, in order to show how worthy of Mr. Austin was the whole affair. The St. George's Rifle Band, under the direction of Mr. Phasey, our excellent euphoniumist, played the *Maenello* overture; Miss Jenny Pratt was recalled after a good rendering of Benedict's "By the sad Sea Waves;" Mr. Phasey was recalled after brilliantly playing "O ruddier than the Cherry. Mr. Santley was encored tumultuously in Beignani's "Hurrah for the King. Miss Edith Wynne sang two Welsh songs bewitchingly; Mr. De Jongh played a flute fantasia in admirable style and was recalled; Madame Sainton-Dolby sang Haydn's "Spirit Song," in her own matchless style; Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in Blumenthal's "Requital," and Mdlle. Ilma de Murska (terrifically) in "O luce di quest'anima. Herr Coenen played a Chopin *Polonaise*, and Mr. Sims Reeves with Mr. Santley sang "All's well," so well that it was demanded again with uproar. Is the reader tired? We hope not, for we have only half done. The second part started with a band selection from *La Favorita*, after which, Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Tom Bowling," and, being encored, "The Last Rose of Summer;" Mdlle. di Murska delighted everybody with some Hungarian melodies; Mr. Santley sang "The Stirrup Cup," and, for an encore piece, "Hearts of Oak;" Miss Jenny Pratt (recalled) gave the "Minstrel Boy;" Mr. Reynolds played a cornet solo; Mdlle. di Murska (recalled) astonished her audience with the famous "Gli angeli d'inferno," from *Die Zauberflöte*; Mr. Chaplin Henry sang "Rage, thou angry Storm;" Madame Sainton-Dolby her own pathetic "Sands of Dee;" Herr Coenen again played the pianoforte; Miss Edith Wynne gave Benedict's exquisite "Rock me to sleep;" and the whole wound up with one of Godfrey's galops by the band. After this, who will not say that Mr. Austin gave a capital concert, and, apart from his own managerial and personal merits, he deserved a full room.

MAGDEBURG.—Herr Löwe's oratorio, *Die Erweckung des Lazarus*, was recently performed, as was, also, the Hundredth Psalm, set by Glasberger.

M. MICHOTTE of Brussels has bought 150 unpublished pieces for voice and piano, by Rossini for the sum of 150,000 francs. Print them quickly, M. Michotte.

## W A I F S.

We earnestly invite the attention of our Jewish friends and readers to Herr Richard Wagner's polite (and political) essay now translating by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman in the *Musical World*.

Mr. Barnby gallantly perseveres in adopting the "Diapason Normal," and he has a fair chance already of influencing others by degrees. We are glad to hear that at his next (and final) concert, Handel's *Jephtha* is to be repeated, with our great tenor, Sims Reeves.

Mdlle. Mallinger has been engaged for the Royal Opera, Berlin.

There is talk of Mdlle. Sternberg being engaged by M. Padeloup for the Lyrique.

Mdlle. Artôt is to marry M. Padilla, the tenor, in September. Her eightieth betrothal, we fancy.

Napoleon III. has honoured Baron Taylor, the distinguished musical amateur, by making him a senator.

The young violinist, Mdlle. Thérèse Castellan, will in the fall of this year appear before a Boston audience.

A committee has been formed to erect a monument in honour of Gluck, at Werdenwang, Bavaria, the composer's native place.

Mr. Patey and Madame Patey have returned from Paris, where they have been passing the Easter holidays.

The King of Prussia has presented Madame Jachman-Wagner with a splendid vase from the Royal porcelain works. The gift was accompanied by a very flattering letter.

The Lyrique closes on the 31st inst., and will re-open in September with a new opera by M. Gounod, *Les Deux Reines*, to be followed by *Lohengrin*, and a new opera by Flotow, name not yet given.

A monument to Chopin is about to be erected in Warsaw. Prince Orloff has taken the initiative in the scheme. "Everything comes to him who can wait," even honour to a musician in his own country.

Mr. Emile Berger has renewed his engagement with the Glasgow Abstinents' Union as pianist and conductor. The past season has been one of the most successful since the formation of the society.

The Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Lowther, who died in February last, has left a legacy of one hundred pounds to the Royal Academy of Music.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given for the last time this season at Exeter Hall, by the National Choral Society, on Wednesday, June 2nd. Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Lander, will be the principal vocalists. The band and chorus will number 700 performers. Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin.

We are glad to find that Miss Lucy Franklin, whose late severe illness has prevented her appearance before the public for some weeks past, has now completely recovered from her indisposition, having sung at the new grand concerts at the Holborn Amphitheatre on Monday and Tuesday last, with great success.

"The news of the honour conferred on M. Costa in England"—says an American paper—"has been greeted here with pleasure by all who have seen this eminent leader in the performance of his duties at the Opera and Crystal Palace."

The chair in the musical section of the French Institute, rendered vacant by the death of Berlioz, will be filled by M. Felicien David, who had a majority of 18 votes out of 32 cast. M. David's competitors were M. Bazin, Prince Poniatowski, and M. Elwart. The choice was just.

"Several European artists of great fame and talent"—says a New York paper—"are now in negotiation with the directors of our classical societies for a series of oratorios and popular concerts, such as Padeloup has organized in Paris, in which the most celebrated instrumentalists have been heard."

The French papers mention fabulous sums when alluding to the expenditure on the new Operahouse; and whoever finds the money will, therefore, be glad to learn from the *Choir and Musical Record* that the total cost is no more than 48,000 francs. As the edifice seats 8,000 persons, that number will be accommodated at the rate of 16 francs per head. Cheap, very.

A NOVEL MODE OF OBTAINING AN AUDIENCE.—A certain Professor Morey lately gave a concert in San Francisco, and offered a premium of fifty dollars to that lady who should bring the greatest number of gentlemen in attendance on her. At first, a fair being made her appearance accompanied by about a dozen cavaliers, but, exactly at eight o'clock, a

young lady entered triumphantly with a retinue of seventy gentlemen. Her name is Miss Lindsey, and the fifty dollars were at once awarded her. Another young lady, Miss Emma Howe, was attended by sixty-one gentlemen, and obtained the second prize.

Our readers will not have forgotten our remarks about Italian boy-organ-grinders. It has elicited the subjoined communication:—

"SIR,—After reading your interesting article of this morning on General Menabrea's energetic and praiseworthy measures for the protection of the poor Italian organ boys, I think it will interest your readers to know that nearly thirty years since Joseph Mazzini opened a school in London for these poor little exiles, and continued it many years, teaching and lecturing there himself, with Signors Pistrucci and Mariotti. The school was opened in Greville Street, Hatton Garden, in 1841, and supported by Mazzini and other Italian exiles. It is but giving honour where honour is due to remember these efforts in behalf of the poor children whom free Italy now offers to protect,—I am, &c.,  
"May 18. A CONSTANT READER."

VOX CLAMANTIS.—We do not often notice typographical slips, except when the real typographical blunder is printing a paragraph at all. But we are sure that our friend the *Era* will thank us for indicating a very funny *lapsus* in its capital summary of events—one of the best written and best informed columns we know. Last week it said:—

"We have the scent of the voice that cried 'No!' when Mr. Hardy asked whether Mr. Bright were authorized to announce a land policy for Government."

This reads like a very unsavoury imputation upon the gallant member, who has stated that he answered in the negative. At a guess we should say that the accomplished writer may have written "secret of the voice." We hereby parenthetically compliment him on the kindly and respectful way in which he always speaks of art, including the art to which these pages are devoted.

Further particulars of the Boston Mammoth Musical Festival have reached us. One American journal describes the enterprise as "on the top wave of triumphant success," and another says it "promises to be almost as brilliant in the dulcimeric firmament as was the auroral borealis in nature's sky on the night of the 15th inst." The Festival building now in course of erection will cover nearly four acres, and, we are gravely assured, contain 50,000 people. The "enrolment of vocalists is heavy, 2,900 having been enlisted in the Hub (Boston) alone," and "whole regiments" elsewhere, for whose accommodation, as well as that of the audience, excursion trains will run from all the chief towns east of the Rocky Mountains. In short, the affair is to be "a miracle of musical grandeur," reaching its climax when "Yankee Doodle" is "symphonized by salvos of artillery discharged by electricity at the wave of the baton of the accomplished conceiver of this wonderful spectacle." The mystery of the anvils is at last explained, for we are told that "The 'Anvil Chorus,' from *Il Trovatore* will be performed by a hundred operators, who are now being drilled in the exercises."

We are glad to quote the following sensible remarks on "Church Singing" from the *New York Musical Gazette*:—

"There can be no valid excuse for the lack of good music as a part of public worship in our churches. In almost every congregation there can be found a sufficient number of good voices, partially trained at least, to form a good choir. It is equally certain that a steady, persistent course in the right direction will result in increasing the efficiency of the choir, and rendering it the teacher of the congregation, so that the final result shall be a full, swelling tide of song—combining sweetness, power, and harmony, such as will make this the most delightful feature in social and public worship. We need not sacrifice piety to art, nor seek the aid of the opera or concert-room. We have but simply to use the talent in our churches, in a wise, Christian way, and drive out with alacrity the lazy, droning, uncultured, haphazard style which ignorance or prejudice has stamped as evangelical. Discord, bad taste, incorrect time and antediluvian tunes are not infallible indexes of spirituality in song. Freshness, harmony, vigour, life, should characterize all public praise. It will warm the heart and inspire the tongue of the preacher, and kindle the attention of the waiting assembly."

The subjoined funeral oration on the deceased "New Italian Opera" was pronounced some days ago by the musical critic of the *Morning Post*:—

"There seems to be a most unfortunate fate attending the new Italian Opera Company and their venture. The first performance, which was duly chronicled in our columns, is the only one which has taken place this week, although it was intended to give an opera each evening. *L'Elisir d'Amore*, performed upon the opening night, was substituted at the last hour for *Rigoletto*, with which it was originally advertised to commence the season; and for Tuesday Rossini's *Barbiere* was announced, but there was no performance, in consequence of the indisposition of Signor Gassier, who was to have played Figaro. Last night a vast number of people crowded the entrances, or waited in carriages for the opening of the doors, the theatre being lighted up apparently ready for the performance of *Rigoletto*, in which Mdlle. Volpini was to have made her

first appearance as Gilda; but just at the moment when the opera ought to have commenced a written notice was fastened to the closed doors, announcing Mdlle. Volpini's sudden illness, and the consequent closing of the theatre for the second time, to the disappointment of the many persons gathered together."

The following letter was addressed to a morning contemporary, who has been very busy in denouncing "free admissions" at theatres:—

"SIR,—Seeing an advertisement in this morning's paper that the opera of *Faust* is to be performed on Monday next, I immediately sent for two five shilling reserved amphitheatre seats, and the answer I received was that there were no tickets at that price for any performance this season, but a few at ten shillings and sixpence, and the front row one guinea. As this is the second time I have received the same answer, I trust you will publish this letter, in order to prevent others being deluded with the idea that they can obtain tickets at the prices advertised, and so save themselves the trouble and annoyance of a fruitless journey to the box-office. Last season, at the old house, one could get the front row tickets for 7s. 6d.—I am, &c.,  
"May 18. AN ORGANIST."

MUSICAL ACCOMPANISTS.—"Except during my stay in England, I never gained sufficient by my art to be enabled to put by anything; and even in London I did not get money as a composer, but as an accompanist." "But still," observed Hiller, "that was because you were a celebrated composer." "That is what my friends said," replied Rossini, "to decide me to do it. It may have been prejudice, but I had a kind of repugnance to being paid for accompanying on the piano, and I have only done so in London. However, people wanted to see the tip of my nose, and to hear my wife. I had fixed for our co-operation at musical soirées the tolerably high price of fifty pounds—we attended somewhere about sixty such soirées, and that was after all worth having. In London, too, musicians will do anything to get money, and some delicious facts came under my observation there. For instance, the first time that I undertook the task of accompanist at a soirée of this description, I was informed that Puzzi, the celebrated horn-player, and Dragonetti, the more celebrated contrabassist, would also be present. I thought they would perform solos; not a bit of it! They were to assist me in accompanying. 'Have you, then, your parts to accompany these pieces?' I asked them. 'Not we,' was their answer, 'but we get well paid, and we accompany as we think fit.' These extemporaneous attempts at instrumentation struck me as rather dangerous, and I therefore begged Dragonetti to content himself with giving a few pizzicatos, when I winked at him and Puzzi to strengthen the final cadenzas with a few notes, which, as the good musician he was, he easily invented for the occasion. In this manner things went off without any disastrous results, and every one was pleased."—*Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Saturday Summer Concerts in the Handel Orchestra were resumed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, May 8th, when the attendance, though considerable, would doubtless have been greater but for the unpromising state of the weather almost up to the time at which the concert began. Mr. Manns directed the performance, which commenced with the overture to *Masaniello*, played by an orchestra materially increased in numerical force, and which further gave evidence of its quality in Hector Berlioz's orchestral arrangement of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*. It was, we think, a mistake to include a composition so delicately knit as the "Choral Fantasia" of Beethoven on such an occasion, and in such a place; for though the pianoforte part was extremely well played by Herr Alfred Jaell, he could only be heard in many important and beautiful passages by those immediately near the orchestra. Nevertheless, as well as we were able to judge, the whole performance, not only on the part of the pianist but on that of the orchestra and chorus, was good. Herr Jaell also played, with his wife, Madame Trautmann-Jaell, a fantasia by Thalberg, for two pianofortes, on airs from *Norma*, which might have been heard in the grounds outside. There was, moreover, a liberal selection of vocal pieces, exclusively operatic, the singers being Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlles. Carola and Drasil, Herr Angyal, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. The most applauded were an air from the third act of *Der Freischütz* (Mdlle. Carola), an air from Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero* (Madame Lemmens), and "Yes, let me like a Soldier fall," from Wallace's *Mariana* (Mr. Vernon Rigby), the last of which was encored and repeated. But the most interesting and enjoyable part of the concert was the selection from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, with which it terminated—including the "Ave Maria" (solos by Madame Lemmens), the "Vintager's Chorus," which improves with every hearing, and the magnificent *finale* (solos by Madame Lemmens), for the greater part admirably executed. After the concert Mr. Coward played, as usual, a capital selection of pieces upon the organ in the Handel Orchestra. On the Saturday following the great "Flower Show" was held. The second "Summer Concert" takes place this day.

## PROVINCIAL.

CARMARTHEN.—We read in the local *Journal* of May 14:—

"On Tuesday a grand amateur concert was given at the Assembly Rooms, by the friends of the Venerable Archdeacon of Carmarthen, in aid of the funds for the erection of Christ Church. A most attractive programme was provided, and the room was well filled. Miss F. Leach was deservedly encoined in her song, 'The Evening Star.' The Misses Jones (Llangunnnor) played a pianoforte duet on themes from *Euryanthe* very nicely, and after a song by the Rev. E. Philipps, the trio, 'Bello e il ciel,' was rendered by the Misses Jones (Parade) and the Rev. D. Nicholl, and encoined. Miss Victoria Jones sang 'It was fifty years ago,' in her usual clear and careful manner, and Miss Jessie Browne, to whom was allotted Weber's 'Softly sighs the Voice of Evening,' was complimented for her unaffected manner. Captain Howell (Blaendyffryn) then created a *furor* with his comic song, 'Never mind the rest.' Miss Leach next sang the 'Vacant Chair,' and Mrs Hancock the old song, 'Just like Love,' which she rendered with much sweetness and expression. The National Anthem brought this attractive concert to a close."

PERSHORE.—A choral festival was held here on Thursday week, about which *Berrows's Worcester Journal* thus speaks:—

"One of the most pleasing recollections of the Church Choral Association for this Archdeaconry will be its festival held yesterday. Although the attendance of choirs was not so numerous as on some former occasions, everything went exceedingly well. The musical services were the same as those performed throughout the district this season. Goss's anthem, 'O taste and see,' was very well done, exhibiting a great improvement over the performances of former years, which, perhaps, is attributable to the fact that the composition is not so elaborate, but more simple, and therefore more suitable for mixed choirs in a rural district. The hymns, also, were carefully rendered, but in the Psalms and *Te Deum* the choirs were not steady as they might have been. Mr. Milward, lay clerk of Worcester Cathedral, was present as choir-master, and greatly contributed to the success of the services. The choirs who took part were—Persnore, 25 members; Eckington, 22; Elmley Castle, 14; Little Comberton, 24; Fladbury and Wyre, 25; Defford-cum-Besford, 13; and Broughton, 13. The Broughton choir was the only one wearing surplices. Mr. Hancock presided at the organ."

WORCESTER.—The following appeared in the *Journal* of May 15:—

"Last night the Choral Society gave their long promised concert. The *pièce de résistance* was Mr. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*. No wonder the cantata is so great a favourite, for Mr. Barnett has linked admirable music to one of the finest poems. Mrs. Sutton, Miss Pullen, Mr. Millward, and Mr. Dyson, were the principal vocalists; the chorus was composed of the members of the society; with Mr. Done as conductor, Mr. Quarterman at the pianoforte, and Mr. Hughes as organist. Band there was none. Mr. Dyson gave the beautiful *aria*, in which the lack of water is imaged almost as well as we could have wished; and Miss Pullen rendered the *aria*, 'O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,' expressively. The chorus, 'The upper air,' was very vigorously given; so was 'The loud wind never reached the ship,' while the duet, 'But tell me, tell me!' was delightfully sung by Mrs. Sutton and Miss Pullen. From this point to the *finale* there was nothing to find fault with, and the marked applause bestowed showed how well pleased was the audience. The second part consisted of selections, which brought the concert to a pleasant termination."

CAMBRIDGE.—The new chapel of St. John's College was consecrated on Wednesday week, and music of course had a place in the ceremonial. There was a concert by St. John's Musical Society, on the preceding evening, of which the *Cambridge Chronicle* says:—

"The music chosen was a selection from Mozart's *Idomeneo*; and the vocalists of the society were reinforced by the Misses Jewell, from the Royal Academy of Music, who showed themselves to be accomplished singers, rendering their solos in a chaste and finished style, and with much expression. The second part of the concert was composed of Mendelssohn's overture to the *Son and Stranger*; recit, and air from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* (Miss Jewell); Concerto (oboe), Handel; the Serenade from Sullivan's *Contrabandista*; Solo, cornet; and the March from *Le Prophète*; with each of which the audience seemed delighted. Miss Jewell's song, and the cornet solo, obtained imperative encores. Much is due to the indefatigable efforts of the conductor, and the able manner in which he wields the bâton. St. John's concert was a decided success."

The oboe solo referred to above was played, we believe, by Mr. J. R. S. Bennett (son of Professor Sterndale Bennett), one of the most accomplished living amateurs of the instrument. In speaking about the musical consecration service the same paper says:—

"The first few notes of the processional hymn heard as the choir

commenced singing in the second court had an exquisite effect. The *Te Deum*, an exceedingly fine composition, was from the pen of Mr. E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, London. The Kyrie, Credo, and Gloria in Excelsis, were from Dr. Garrett's service in D, and were very beautifully sung. The anthem, by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, as might have been expected from the reputation of its composer, is in many respects, a very remarkable work. It opens with a chorus in the purest ecclesiastical style; at the words 'Arise! O Lord God,' the character of the music is altered, and a bold and vigorous passage, with voices in unison, occurs; the *pianissimo* affect with which this movement concludes, was also remarkable. It is followed by one of those chaste and elegant choral movements in which Professor Bennett is so uniformly happy, to the words, 'So we thy people.' Then comes a finely conceived solo to the words, 'I heard a voice from Heaven,' which leads to the final chorus, a composition of much force and grandeur. The anthem will not merely sustain, but increase Professor Bennett's reputation. The Hallelujah Chorus, very finely sung and played, brought worthily to a conclusion a service of which the music had been brought out most carefully prepared and most successfully performed."

## MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI AT BUCHAREST.

An immense crowd, attracted by a celebrated name, filled the Theatre. In the pit was a superior audience, among whom we remarked some of our most popular artists; the boxes were gay with jewels, with satin, and with lace, but even still more with the charming heads which stood out from them; and with the rosy cheeks and the eyes glistening with desire and impatience, no longer to be controlled. The gallery was crammed with persons who could feel and appreciate. Such was the public who were burning with eagerness to see the curtain raised, for it hid from them the goddess they had come to behold and to admire. At last it went up! Patience! It was MM. Ritter and Sarasate, who, in the duet on motives from *Guillaume Tell*, charmed even those who were expecting the fair and celebrated singer herself.

Everyone looks at his bill. *She* is coming. Every eye is fixed on the doorway through which MM. Ritter and Sarasate have just disappeared, covered with applause.

Scarcely is the extremity of a lady's dress perceptible, ere the "Welcome" is heard. . . . Carlotta Patti stands before the public, and, while the prelude is being executed on the piano by the skillful fingers of M. Gallois, everyone exclaims: "she is handsome!" (a fact which never does any harm; the beauty of a bird's plumage does not detract from its warbling). But *she*! What does she say? While, with the modest assurance derived from the consciousness of her own merit, she casts her glance round the house, the audience have no time to indulge in suppositions; the first notes of Linda's *cavatina* speed through the air, and people look for the branch where the wonderful bird is concealed; the notes cannot emanate from that lady, however charming she may be, who is standing calmly before us, with her mouth scarcely open! Nevertheless it is she who is the songstress, marvellous bird that she is.—"Oh! I never heard singing before!" said to me an artist, whose talent equals his reputation; "I never heard singing before," said, also, a large portion of the public. Twice was the fair and great singer recalled by enthusiastic applause, and the emotion of the audience lasted long after she had disappeared.

The audience were still listening—when they heard some chords—no, not chords, and not notes—what then? something gentle, harmonious, limpid, like pearls falling into calm water. . . . Theodore Ritter was at the piano, while the programme merely contained the words: "Gavotte and Musette, Bach; Le Tourbillon, Ritter." Poor programme! Thunders of applause.

We then heard an air from *Lucrezia*, by M. Proni, and "Les Rémiscences de Martha," by M. Sarasate, both coming in for their share of applause.

An interval of ten minutes afforded every one an opportunity of calming down somewhat. The curtain then went up again, to let us hear the "Ave Maria" executed with the true simplicity of prayer by the *Diva*, MM. Sarasate and Ritter; then the romance from *Un Ballo in Maschera*; followed by the quartet from *Rigoletto*, and the "Chant des Braconniers," composed by the excellent, M. Th. Ritter. The effect produced by the "Chant des Braconniers" is, indeed, indescribable. Thanks, M. Ritter! Thanks for having caused us to live over again, in the times of good, true, simple music, which, like true love, finds accents that go straight to the heart, because they come from it; intoxicate us; penetrate to our souls; and convince us without luxuriant embellishments, or extraordinary displays. Thanks, M. Ritter!

Now came the storm of the evening, for it was a storm, the applause which followed the "Festa," emphatically encoined. The fair and graceful artist thanked the public with an amiable smile and "Un Eclat de Rire," such being the title of the romance which really is nothing save a harmonized laugh; but what a laugh! Silvery and crystal-like, such are the epithets which suggest themselves; but they are powerless to convey a notion of Mdle. Patti's laugh. Not only did the hands of the public clap; their voices, also, shouted "Bravo!" in every variety of tone; in their enthusiasm they almost began hurrahing. Their emotion was as audible as it was visible; people's eyes sparkled, their



hearts beat, and a gentle murmur ran through the theatre till the end of the concert, detracting somewhat, it is true, from the effect of the last pieces.

In every *fête*, there is a good genius lying concealed, towards whom we are too often oblivious or ungrateful. The good genius of the concerts given by Mlle. Patti, and the artists accompanying her, is M. Eugène Gouffier. It is to his artistic and clever measures that we owe those happy combinations which cause us to see, in all its glory, the talent we are fortunate enough to possess and to applaud.

Is not it, perhaps, to this good genius that we owe the presence of the *Star*? Whether that be so or not, we beg M. Gouffier to accept the expression of our sincere and lasting gratitude.—*Romanulu*.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE.

In the Derby week the Crystal Palace is rendered as attractive as possible, to afford amusement to the visitors from the Provinces. Among the entertainments none is more enjoyable and pleasing than a display of fireworks, with accompanying illumination of fountains. This is put forward for Monday next, when the Great Dragon Troupe of Japanese will give a special entertainment, late in the afternoon. This will be the only opportunity for those engaged during the day to witness their clever performances. The gardens are in full spring beauty, and when illuminated by magnesium balloons and coloured lights the effect is most dazzling. Among the novelties will be nearly 20,000 square feet of golden fire falling from a height of 120 feet, surmounted by a *chevaux de frise* in silver. The Golden Birch Tree, an entirely new device, has been under trial during the recess. It may be looked for as introducing an entirely novel effect in pyrotechny. Besides the above, the descent of fiery comets, coloured shells, &c., will be exhibited. The attractions will be further increased by the spectacular burlesque, *Blue Beard*. The band of the Coldstream Guards and of the Company, and performances on the Festival organ, will fill up the intervening hours. As excursions for the races will arrive in London in time, it is anticipated that a large number will visit the Palace. On Thursday the Velocipede Derby and other races will take place in the Palace grounds, when valuable prizes will be competed for by the velocipedists of this country and France.

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